LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

1/2D.

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ATEST FROM LONDON.

SH TO JOIN THE NAVY.

CLYDESIDE COLONY.

AMERONIAN HERO'S FATE.

London, Saturday Midnight.

begins to realise now what it must be n the trenches.

never-ending drizzle has churned the f the London streets into mud, and the polis has taken on a desolate appear-

he recruiting camps on the outskirts the has played sad havoc with the work he comfort of the men, but even the er we have been having lately has not sed the spirit of the people.

filled up in their khaki great coats, mud-ttered to the knees, and wet to the skin, sh, English, and Irish soldier lads are g a round of the London shops to try nd something for Christmas presents for ld folks at home, and the girls they left l them.

se gallant Highlanders, wearing the tar- f the Gordons, were in one of the toy- I visited in the Strand to-night, and anathematising the weather they pur- l toy machine guns, tin swords, a pair niature bagpipes, and other presents cal- d to inspire the youngsters in Aberdeen wi' the proper martial spirit.

favourite shopping-place was Leicester e, and here the Lancashire lads were g purchases in the jewellers' shops, which one believe the truth of the stories we always heard about the wealth of the ester Cotton Exchange.

Christmas Leave for the Men.

re seems to be no hope of a good old-ned Christmas with snow and holly this and some people are blaming the big for it. The constant firing, it is held, pened the floodgates of heaven, and ll have to put up with a green Yule-

t of the soldiers were looking forward nding the Christmas at home, but at me of writing a good deal of the leave ed has been cancelled. Certain sections chener's Army are to be allowed eight t home, but the men of the regular and orial Forces will consider themselves if they get more than four days.

ryone, however, is quite agreed that the t is not the time to look for holidays, he men are consoling themselves with nowledge that preparations are being n the homes in which they are billeted e them a right royal Christmastide.

rder that men are to remain at their

GENERAL ADVANCE BY THE ALLIES.

GERMAN TROOPS SURPRISED AND WIPED OUT.

ANOTHER BATTLE OF FLANDERS IN PROGRESS.

Paris, Saturday.

All information, private and official, received in Paris indicates that a general advance in the North began on Tuesday, and continues with success daily.

A German counter-attack is now in progress, and marked by renewed bombardments from distant points, and unsuccessful attempts to take trenches.

It would appear that the Allies are thus involved in a second battle of Flanders with every prospect of marked success.

As might be expected, desperate efforts are being made to counter the move in the eastward areas, especially in the Argonne forests, where the Germans have attempted to break through once more.

As on previous occasions, the attempts were foiled by the stubborn bravery of the French troops, who are now hardened veterans in the art of forest fighting.

Paris is now resuming an almost normal appearance with the approach of the New Year. Realising the possibility of fresh aeroplane attacks, and not disregarding the possibility of Zeppelin raids, the authorities have instituted a night air patrol.

PROGRESS OF ALLIES.

GERMAN TRENCHES CARRIED.

Paris, Saturday.

The following official communique was issued this afternoon:—

In Belgium during December 18 we organised ground gained on the preceding day south of Dixmude, and pushed our line to the south of Korteker Inn.

Our advance south of Ypres has been continued in marshy and difficult ground.

From the Lys to the Oise, we have made progress.

In the region of Notre Dame de Consolation (south of La Bassee) we have advanced more than a kilometre.

In the last two days we have also made progress in the direction of Carency at St Laurent and Blangy.

In spite of very lively counter-attacks the positions conquered on the 17th inst. have been maintained.

In the region of Albert, on the night of December 17 and 18 and during the day of the 18th, we advanced under a very violent fire, and reached the barbed wire defence of the second line of the enemy's trenches.

To the north of Maricourt we were obliged to abandon a trench captured the day before, which was set on fire by the enemy by means of hand grenades.

Several German trenches were captured in the region of Mametz and in that of Lihons. Three violent counter-attacks by the Germans were repulsed.

In the region of the Aisne there have been artillery duels.

In Champagne the enemy's artillery has shown greater activity than on the preceding day.

In Argonne, in the Bois de la Grurie, we blew up a German sap.

Near St Hubert, the enemy, by means of a very lively attack, succeeded in making slight progress.

It is confirmed that on the heights of the Meuse our fire, directed by aviators, has demolished two heavy batteries, and damaged a third battery.

From the Meuse to the Vosges there is nothing to report.

In the Vosges there has been heavy rifle firing by the Germans, but no attack.—P.A. War Special.

ENEMY REPULSED.

Paris, Saturday Midnight.

The following official communique was issued here to-night:—

In Belgium, in the region of Stoenstrafte, an attack by the enemy has been repulsed.

We have made sensible progress in the approaches to the Cabaret Korteker.

The enemy has shown activity towards Thiepval and Idhons. At this latter point one of the enemy's troops was surprised in column, and literally mowed down.

From the Oise to the Vosges there is no incident to report.—C.N.

GERMANS SAY ATTACKS ARE REPULSED.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official communique from the Main Army Headquarters is published in Berlin to-day:—

In the Western theatre the enemy made a number of attacks near Nieuport and Birxschoote, and north of La Bassee. Fighting still continues.

West of Lens, east of Albert, and west of Noyon hostile attacks have been repulsed.—P.A. War Special.

BIG GERMAN GUNS ON BELGIAN COAST.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Maasbode learns from Retranchfment that refugees have arrived there from Heyst and Knocke without being stopped by the German Frontier Guard.

It is reported that between Duinbergen and Heyst, on the Belgian Coast, the Germans have posted on the dunes eight fifteen-centimetre guns and several machine guns. On the Belgian frontier near Stroobrugge the German troops have been strengthened.—Reuter.

GERMANS CONCENTRATE ON DUTCH FRONTIER.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to news from Valkenswaard a great number of German troops are now concentrated at Beverloo Camp.

Exel Wychmael and Hechtel are overcrowded with soldiers, and the civilian population is suffering much in consequence. Many of them are leaving and crossing the Dutch frontier.

German officers are now living in the houses formerly occupied by Belgian officers. The staff at the railway station is German, and troops are daily arriving from the front.

The Duke of Brunswick, the son-in-law of the German Emperor, is living in the Hotel De Camp. All preparations are being made for a big feast to celebrate Christmas on Belgian soil.

The Telegraaf learns from Neerpelt that German troops are concentrating along the Dutch frontier at Meerhout, Heppenoostham, and Quaedmechlen. The majority of these are volunteers. Some 1500 cyclists have arrived from Germany, whose only equipment consists of carbines and revolvers.—Reuter.

GERMANS' GIGANTIC LOSSES.

CASUALTIES TOTAL 1,200,000.

Rome, Saturday.

Swiss journals publish statistics showing that the Germans have lost in killed and wounded and prisoners 1,200,000 men.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The German casualty lists, Nos. 96, 97, 98, and 99, are now published in Berlin, and contain, respectively, 5910, 6919, 5501, and 4271 names of dead wounded, and missing, making a total of 22,601 men.

One regiment, the Wurtemberg Regiment, had 1600 casualties, and Regiment No. 248 had 1500, while one Saxon regiment in month of August near Becelaere, Belgium, lost some 2000 men.

The lists further give part of the losses on the Yser, where Infantry Regiment No. 207 lost 1500 men. The German losses along the Yser made public up to the present amount to 30,000 officers and men killed, wounded, or missing.

UNTRAINED LANDSTURM CALLED UP.

Rotterdam, Saturday.

Germany has issued a proclamation calling up the untrained men of the Landsturm born between the years 1869 and January 1, 1876.

Failure to obey, says the Handelsblad, is punishable by from six months' to five years' imprisonment.

AVIATORS BURNED TO DEATH.

Paris, Saturday.

A French biplane, coming from the direction of Issy Les Moulineaurs, fell to-day among the slaughter-houses at Vangirerd.

The reservoir of the motor burst during the fall, and the machine caught fire. The two officers on board were burned to death.—Reuter.

FRENCH AVIATORS SAFE.

Paris, Saturday.

A telegram from Belfort states that news which has obtained publicity in certain foreign countries to the effect that two of the three French aviators who flew over Friebury, in Breisau, were killed by the Germans between Neufbrisach and Colmar is incorrect. The three aviators returned safe and sound.—P.A. War Special.

VIENNA IS JUBILANT

Over Attack on British Coast.

Venice, Saturday.

The Vienna press is jubilant over the news of the German Fleet's attack on the East Coast of England.

The Neue Freie Presse says Germany has taken a bloody revenge for the sad fate of Von Spee's squadron, and succeeded in causing the deepest consternation over England and inflicting the severest calamity that British sea power has suffered.

The German Fleet has performed a memorable feat. In full daylight it steamed towards the English Coast, and the insolent foe now knows what comes of threatening the existence of Germany.

To the British Fleet it must feel like a blow in the face to know that under their very eyes British soil has been bombarded, and British harbour works have been smashed.

The News Neiner Journal says it is one of the most significant events of the war. The policy of Albion of fighting for others has reached its end, and England must now fight for her own existence. This is the turning point in the world's war, a turning point in favour of the Central Powers.—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN OFFICERS PERISH

When Messudiyeh Goes Down.

Athens, Saturday.

It is semi-officially stated that the number of lost in the torpedoing of the Turkish battleship Messudiyeh by the British submarine B 11 in the Dardanelles was about 100, including some German officers.

A RECORD SHOT.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A German volunteer gives to a Cologne newspaper a remarkable account of a peculiar shot. He says:—"From one of the trenches I aimed at my adversary. At a distance of about seventy metres the outlines of a cap offered a remarkably good aim. I pointed my rifle, and was already sure of my success, and I was just pulling the trigger. The aim was too clear—my bullet could not fail. Suddenly a shot fell from the other side. I staggered back, and when I recovered I found my rifle damaged at the lock and the chamber. I had a very ugly wound at the forehead and the eye from pieces of my own rifle.

"I examined my rifle, and found in the barrel a French and a German bullet, both flattened. What had happened? After closer examination I saw that the muzzle of my rifle was only slightly damaged. No doubt the French bullet had entered my rifle at the muzzle, followed the course of the barrel, caused the explosion of my cartridge, and so wounded me through my own rifle."—Reuter.

"MORE RAIDS AT INTERVALS."

KAISER'S NAVAL PLANS

TO REVIVE HIS PEOPLE'S DROOPING SPIRITS.

It is reported from Hamburg that in German naval circles the marine officers regard the plan to force a way to Calais as definitely "stranded."

But, on the other hand, Ostend, Zeebrugge, and other ports on the Belgian Coast are in German possession, and an attack on Britain can very well be started from these places. There will be only short intervals between raids like that of last Wednesday if circumstances allow.

There is no fixed scheme for the expeditions, because they are very difficult, especially during the winter.

The sky may be clear at Heligoland but it may be very foggy along the shores of Britain, or there may be great fogbanks in the South of England and perhaps not near Scotland.

Captains are all supplied with a long list of coast towns, with all particulars known through the spies in Britain.

Officers' Protest.

The Germans regard themselves as entitled to bombard open towns.

There has been some disagreement in the German Navy about this question, for several naval officers not of Prussian extraction have declared that it was against their sense of honour to shell unfortified towns, but the Admiralty, in concert with the Kaiser, maintained that open seaports also shall be bombarded. Destroyers will always, if possible, be accompanied by submarines

On the last raid there were several submarines with the destroyers, but the German Navy does not wish that to be commonly known. It is true that the main purpose of the raids is to cause panic in England. It is believed that the British people will be more "thirsty" after peace.

Sham Victories.

Masses of the German people enjoy such exploits of vigilance, which, though of no real profit to themselves, are regarded as "victories."

It is the Kaiser's desire to encourage such feelings in the hope to revive the drooping spirits of the people. Moreover, of course, it is thought that the raids against British sea towns may provide chances of destroying British warships or merchantmen.

If only, as was the case last Wednesday, a small part of the fleet takes part in the expedition, the other men of war are ready for sea if the attacking ships get into trouble or report any circumstances which might mean an advantage for the main fleet.

THREE MINE SWEEPERS BLOWN UP WHILE LAYING TRAIL OF GERMAN CRUISERS.

Scarborough, Saturday.

Lloyd's Agency at Scarborough telegraphs to-day as follows:—

Whilst several mine-sweepers were sweeping for mines off Scarborough about five miles one vessel was blown up.

One man was landed injured; others are missing.

It is stated that two other vessels are blown up.

FLAMBOROUGH ROUTE REOPENED.

Newcastle, Saturday.

The following notice was posted on the Newcastle-on-Tyne Exchange with reference to the notice suspending traffic between Newcastle and Flamborough Head:—

The Admiralty now announce that this route is reopened during daylight. Vessels must keep within two miles of the coast between these places.

SCARBORO' A FORTIFIED PLACE

According to Germans.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

An apparently inspired telegram from Berlin concerning the German bombardment of the British East Coast declares that Scarborough is a fortified place, and that only the Coastguard Station and the Wireless Telegraph Station at Whitby were bombarded, which was not contrary to International law.—Reuter.

ALL BATTLE CRUISERS IN RAID

Will be Brought to Book in Time.

All the known facts of the raid demonstrate that Germany sent out on this occasion all her effective battle cruisers, five in number. They are the Derfflinger, Seydlitz, Moltke, Von Der Tann, and Blucher.

It may be that after a raid a squadron so constituted (says the London Times) might remain at sea for some time longer. It was for a while uncertain whether the German squadron had returned or was still in the North Sea.

In that large area it might contrive to evade the British battle cruisers, and unless found and attacked by destroyers at night it might hope to escape an action.

That any vessels of less power and speed met by such a squadron would stand but a small chance is shown by what has happened in other engagements of the war which have been decided by gunfire.

Favored by thick weather it may be that the German squadron will attempt to do some more damage, but it will be brought to book in time.

MORE GERMAN LIES.

Hong Kong Canard Nailed to Counter.

The Press Bureau on Saturday evening issued the subjoined:—The following telegrams have passed between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Governor of Hong Kong:—

(1) The Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Governor of Hong Kong—"The German Government state that they have reliable private reports that the treatment of German civil prisoners in Hong Kong is very unseemly, and that they are compelled to work like coolies, cleaning streets and gutters. Presume that there is no foundation for report. Advisable to get corroboration by United States Consul, as Germans threaten retaliation.—Harcourt."

(2) The Governor of Hong Kong to the Secretary of State for the Colonies—"Report referred to in your telegram has no foundation. The United States Consul General has telegraphed to his Government to inform the German Government that as the result of investigation he finds that there is no truth in the report."

STARVING GARRISON'S DESPERATION.

RUSSIANS' NEW PLAN TO CAPTURE IMPORTANT FORT.

GRAND DUKE REPORTS ANOTHER BIG HAUL.

Petrograd, Saturday Night.

The following communique from the Great Headquarters is issued here to-day:—

On the right bank of the Vistula there has been no change.

An attempt of the enemy to cross the river near Dobrzin was stopped by our artillery fire, and he was obliged hastily to evacuate the island in midstream which he had occupied. We captured his pontoons.

The fighting on the Bzura is beginning to develop, and we have repelled several German attacks.

In other districts on the left bank of the Dunaistz, on the night of December 17-18, we captured one thousand prisoners belonging to the German division which had already been engaged in this region.

A strong force of the Przemysl garrison is trying to make its way out in the direction of Bircza. Our troops are fighting here under favourable conditions.—Reuter.

CARRISON'S FRANTIC SORTIES

TO ESCAPE FROM BESIEGED FORT.

The garrison of Przemysl during the past week has made a series of attempts at a sortie, but each time the defenders have been driven back with heavy loss.

The garrison has been driven to attempt these sorties by the increasing scarcity of provisions, complicated by sickness, and the Russians, well knowing the condition to which the troops are reduced, no longer now, as in the earlier days of the investment, allow the garrison to get well outside before surrounding them.

During the last attacks none was allowed to get away, the main object being to compel the garrison to continue to occupy this extremely unhealthy fortress or surrender altogether.

The last sortie was attempted on December 15, when the Russians captured a number of Maxims, and found themselves with several hundred prisoners on their hands.

A high authority states that the Germans have convinced themselves that the town cannot serve as a base of operations, although they tried very hard to effect its capture.

"THE PURSUIT CONTINUES."

Berlin Official Report.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

An official communique published in Berlin to-day says:—

On the East Prussian front, west of Pillkallen, a Russian cavalry attack was repulsed.

In Poland the pursuit continues.—P.A. War Special.

SCOTCHING GERMAN FIBS.

RUSSIA'S SCATHING REPLY

To Berlin Reports of "Victories."

Petrograd, Saturday.

The following semi-official statement has been issued here:—

While the communiques of the Russian Commander-in-Chief give an exact account of actions, even of secondary importance, and faithfully reflect the course of operations, a fact which is recognised in all neutral countries, the German communiques are of a very different character.

Witness the last Prussian story proudly announcing that the Russians had been completely defeated at all points of the East campaign, which the Germans had won brilliantly.

This victorious communique does not mention the slightest strategic or military detail, it does not give any geographical name, it does not tell of prisoners or other trophies, which are usually taken by conquerors. It confines itself to vague declarations that the German triumph is general.

The object of such fanfares is too evident to make us worry about putting on its guard European opinion, which has at its service sources of information which are more conscientious and reliable.

Germans would like to mould this opinion at their own will, but they will succeed badly. They think they can make themselves conquerors, whereas in reality they have been driven from Tsekhanoff, while the Russian troops are on their heels, and are already tripping them up, a fact which the German Staff itself admitted.

These theoretical communiques may easily find a hearing in Germany, Austria, and Turkey, but neutral countries will be able to discern the truth. — P.A. War Special.

GERMANS PREPARE FOR WINTER CAMPAIGN.

Enormous Cost of Upkeep of Motor Cars.

Venice, Saturday.

Reports of special correspondents with the German Armies in Galicia show that the most elaborate preparations have been made for a winter campaign, and particularly with regard to the transportation and communications.

With the Eighth Army alone there are said to be more than a thousand automobiles. The cost of keeping these in repair is enormous. One correspondent asserts it frequently amounts to from £14,000 to £20,000 in a single day. The cars are subjected to terribly hard usage. Some of them are brought to the repair shop almost shot to pieces.

Now they have all been fitted with snow chains, which work exceedingly well, but, after all, are only really effective against fresh fallen snow.

When the roads have become frozen, the chains are quite useless. Smooth rubber bands without any iron attachments are found to be the best preventative against slipping or skidding on the icy surface of the roads.

Large numbers of sledges have also been bought in readiness for the Russian winter, for which they are indispensable.

For keeping roads to the front open, and in the best condition possible, specially large snow ploughs with a span of seventeen feet have been made, and smaller ploughs are employed as well.—P.A. War Special.

LODZ MYSTERY.

HAVE GERMANS WITHDRAWN?

A report has reached Rome that the Germans have abandoned Lodz as the result of the Russians having penetrated so far into Prussia as to threaten an enveloping movement which might end in disaster for the German Army.

HUSSARS AMBUSHED.

Only 50 Out of 3000 Escape.

In the course of the recent fighting in the Lodz district 3000 Hussars of the Prussian Guard fell into an ambuscade, and only fifty escaped.

POLES' GIFT TO RUSSIAN GENERAL.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Polish magnates, headed by Prince Chetvorinsky, have presented General Russky with a golden sword. A Mussulman conference opens here to-morrow.—Reuter.

SCOTS GREY PRIVATE

WHO WAS THOUGHT KILLED

Asks His Friends to Send Him Black Buns.

Kirkintilloch, Saturday Night.

News of a Kirkintilloch soldier who was thought to have been killed three months ago reached the town to-day.

Private M. Welsh, Royal Scots Greys, was in the army when the war broke out, and he has seen a lot of active service. In one letter home he stated that he was orderly to Lord Leven, and after the battle of Mons all communications from him ceased.

As Lord Leven was reported killed at that battle, Private Welsh's friends concluded that he had also fallen on the field. A letter reached Kirkintilloch to-day from Private Welsh, asking why his friends had not been writing to him for some time.

In his letter, Private Welsh states that he is well, and has been through many engagements, and he asks that some black buns be sent out to him at the front.

Private Welsh is a great favourite in Kirkintilloch, and the news of his safety has given great satisfaction.

MAKING "JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS" OF SOLDIERS.

Lord Kitchener's Sister Talks Straight to Civilians.

Dunfermline, Saturday Night.

Mrs Frances E. J. Parker, sister of Lord Kitchener, was an interesting speaker at a meeting in Dunfermline to-night.

Civilians, she said, who tried to make jolly good fellows of our soldiers by treating them to drink, were not only fools but rogues.

Every man who drank even a very little at the present time was a traitor to the men at the front.

Lord Kitchener, she had been told, had a little more important work to do than going about the country trying to convert people in regard to the drink question. The Germans were not beaten yet. It would take a little time before they were.

REMARKABLE CROP OF MISHAPS

During Discharge of One Steamer.

Preston, Saturday.

A verdict of accidental death was returned at an inquest at Preston this afternoon on Gustav Ericksson, aged twenty, who earlier in the day fell from the masthead of the Swedish steamer Drott, now in Preston Dock, into the ship's hold, a distance of seventy feet.

Ericksson was fastening the stays at the masthead, when the rope by which he was suspended broke. His head was frightfully smashed.

This was the fourth accident which occurred within a few hours during the work of discharging the Drott.

Another member of the crew fell from the deck into one of the coal bunkers, alighting on his head.

A bale of wood pulp slipped from the crane slings and fell on a dock labourer, and another labourer fell twenty feet from a stack of wood pulp unloaded from the vessel.

Two of the men are lying seriously injured at Preston Infirmary.

NEW SULTAN OF EGYPT

SAYS PEOPLE WILL FIND BRITAIN

SYMPATHETIC TO THEIR ASPIRATIONS.

Cairo, Saturday.

Prince Hussein, the newly-appointed Sultan, has addressed a rescript to the Egyptian Premier.

After quoting the letter of Mr Milne Cheetham, the acting High Commissioner, informing His Highness of the declaration of a British Protectorate over Egypt, and the appointment of His Highness as Sultan, Prince Hussein states that the King has appealed to his devotion to the country in order that he may take the Khediviate of Egypt with the title of Sultan, which is to be hereditary in Mehemet Ali's family, according to an order of succession to be established. The rescript continues:—

After a life devoted to the service of the country we aspire to repose. We consider it, however, to be our duty in the situation particularly delicate, which present events have created in Egypt, to assume the weighty charge, and, faithful to our part, to continue to place our energy at the service of the country. We owe it to Egypt and to our glorious ancestor Mehemet Ali, whose sagacity we desire to perpetuate.

We desire that our Government shall insure the moral and material welfare of the country by the reforms already begun, by the diffusion and perfection of education, the administration of good justice, vigilant era for the tranquility and security of the people, and giving a new impulse to the economic developments of Egypt.

Concerning representative institutions, we desire to associate the governed more and more with the Government of the country, in the realisation of which we are assured that we shall find the British Government's sympathetic aid.

We are convinced that the more precise definition of Great Britain's situation in Egypt, by removing all causes of misunderstanding, will facilitate the collaboration of every political element in the country.

The letter ends by asking Rushody Pasha to continue in the Premiership, and to form a new Ministry. Rushody Pasha replied in a letter accepting the Premiership, submitting the names of a Ministry.—Reuter.

KING AND NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER.

The King received in audience at Buckingham Palace last evening the newly-appointed High Commissioner in Egypt.

The High Commissioner was received by Sir E. Grey at the Foreign Office yesterday.

MEETING OF THREE KINGS.

Important Series of Conferences.

Malmoe, Saturday.

The Kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark this morning attended service at the Church of St Peter, where Pastor Lysander offered prayers for peace.

Afterwards Their Majesties visited several schools, being loudly cheered by the pupils.

Later the Kings and the Ministers assembled for common deliberation, after which the Kings will hold separate conferences with their respective Ministers.

When these conferences are concluded a joint final conference will take place at the Residency between the Kings, their Foreign Ministers, and the Departmental officials.—Reuter.

SUEZ CANAL DEFENCES.

Cairo, Friday.

The proclamation of the new Sultan's appointment, placarded early to-day, aroused great attention and pleasure. Fresh prosperity for Egypt is predicted everywhere.

The attitude of the great Sheikh El Senoussi is friendly.

The Suez Canal is in a perfect state of defence. Egypt is full of British soldiers.—Reuter.

OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has received from the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa the following summary of announcements made by the Government of the Union:—

Mackenzie's Force came into touch with the enemy on 16th December at Garub, where the column carried out an important reconnaissance. Water bore-hole machinery found wrecked, and tanks destroyed. The enemy located at Kopje commanding the station. The enemy maintained fire for two hours with rifles and three machine-guns.

Big German reinforcements were then sighted coming from Aus, and our force returned to their camp.

EXPORT OF POULTRY STOPPED.

Dutch Government's Action.

The Hague, Saturday.

It is stated on good authority that the Government will shortly prohibit the export of poultry, alive or dead.—Reuter.

AUSTRIANS CLAIM MORE SUCCESSES.

Amsterdam, Satu

A Vienna official telegram issued says:—

Our forces which advanced beyo line Kvono-Zaklicyn met again day with stubborn resistance.

fighting is also proceeding on the Dunajec.

The Russian rearguards, who made a dogged stand on the western bank of the river, have been almost completely routed.

In South Poland fighting has continued in which the enemy were routed. Our cavalry have reached the Nida River.

Our troops made a sortie from Przemysl, and returned after having achieved their object, without having encountered any resistance. They took several hundred prisoners.—Reuter.

GLOVES AND MITTENS FOR TROOPS.

King's Donation to the Fund.

London, Saturday Night.

The King has sent a donation of £25 to the fund for supplying gloves and mittens to the troops. The Keeper of the Privy Purse, in forwarding the cheque, writes:—

"The King is glad to hear what a success the fund has been, and how grateful the troops are for the gloves which have been supplied to them."

Already 190,000 pairs have been sent, and very grateful letters have been received from British and Indian regiments.

IMPORTANT POSITIONS CAPTURED.

ALLIES DRAWING NEARER TO ROULERS.

PREMATURE JUBILATION OVER GERMAN "VICTORY."

(BY OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

The excitement occasioned by the German raid on the North-East Coast has had the not unnatural effect of diverting public attention from the very important operations which have been taking place in both the Eastern and Western theatres of war.

Reference was made in this column last week to an important reconnaisance of the enemy's position in the Western theatre. The sequel to this reconnaisance is now making itself manifest all along the line from Nieuport to the Swiss frontier.

The advance of the Allies is necessarily a slow and painful progress, but some of the positions already won are highly important. Anything in the nature of a spectacular penetration of the enemy's position was not to be looked for at this early stage.

Trenches have to be won step by step, and yard by yard, before any impression at all can be made, and the thick black lines which indicate the position of the Allies on military maps show almost infinitesimal variations from the positions which these same lines occupied a week ago.

But such variations as there are are all to our advantage, and if the advance can be pressed some important withdrawals of the enemy's troops may be looked for in the near future.

But the business of pushing back the enemy from the ground he has won must necessarily be slow and tedious. It is true the German lines have been substantially weakened in the West by the necessity of sending reinforcements to General von Hindenberg in the East. But these reinforcements, though they have been on a very considerable scale, have not attained to the dimensions some people imagine, and it may be asserted quite explicitly that the German lines in the West are still enormously strong.

The best advices available indicate that General von Hindenburg's armies in Poland have been reinforced to the extent of some six or eight army corps, but not more than half of these troops have been withdrawn from the West. The balance has been forthcoming from other quarters, and notably from the Austrian Army. The consequences from the Austrian point of view have been very serious indeed, but of the successes of the Serbians and their reoccupation of Belgrade a word may be spoken in a moment.

German Positions Threatened.

Coming back once more to the Western theatre, it is to be noted that in the North the Allies are drawing sensibly nearer to Roulers, the possession of which must seriously threaten German positions on the coast. Further south, in the region of La Bassee, we have established a marked and significant supremacy over the enemy in the matter of artillery. The actual ground gained in this direction may not have been considerable, but again and again in the course of this war we have found that artillery duels of the nature now raging in the vicinity of La Bassee have been the prelude to important advances. As to this it is not desirable to say more at the moment. The operations east of Verdun may also have a very important bearing on the future course of the campaign.

The fierce struggle which has been proceeding Lorraine all along the line of the Meuse from Verdun to Toul has hardly received the attention it has deserved from some students of the war in this country. As a matter of fact, some of the fiercest fighting of the whole war has been witnessed here. We had an inkling of what was taking place when the Germans established themselves at St Hihiel. But the French have seen to it that the enemy were never in a position to take advantage of this side door which they had opened midway between Verdun and Toul.

Joffre's Action Justified.

General Joffre himself has never underrated the importance of his Eastern fortress line. Despite many temptations to do otherwise, he has resolutely refused to weaken his right flank, and throughout the whole campaign he has had his most brilliant general in command of the forces operating in this region. The results have fully justified his precautions. Again and again the Germans have been hurled back in the efforts they have made to attack Paris from the East, and open up new lines of communication connecting with the elaborate railway system of Southern Germany.

From acting on the defensive the French forces in Lorraine have assumed a definite offensive, and the army now based on Verdun has penetrated to the very outskirts of Metz itself. The extent to which this advance will be pressed must depend on the progress of events elsewhere, but the adoption of a policy which would tend to draw the Germans back to the Rhine in substitution for the more expensive policy of driving them back has always found many advocates among French military experts.

The Struggle in Poland.

The feature of the fighting in Poland has been the further progress afforded of the big part which strategical railways are destined to play in deciding the duration of the war. It was the possession of strategical railways in his rear which enabled General von Hindenburg to multiply his troops at any given point, and ensured that mobility which enabled him to threaten Warsaw and relieve the Russian pressure on Cracow. The extent to which the Grand Duke Nicholas has been compelled to move forward reinforcements from the south is still uncertain, but it is abundantly plain that he is greatly handicapped by the lack of strategical railways of his own.

This defect in the Russian preparations for the campaign has always been recognised. It was a defect which St Petersburg was preparing to remedy when the war broke out. Plans for a lateral strategic railway were already in preparation, and in the opinion of some shrewd observers Germany's knowledge of what was in contemplation was one of several determining factors that hurried her into the present war.

In the absence of more detailed information as to what is actually taking place in Poland it is desirable to defer any considered estimate of the operations round Lodz and Cracow. Too much importance ought not to be attached to Berlin's jubilation over another alleged German victory, for even the German Headquarters Staff itself has been significantly silent for some days past about the progress of events.

Serbian Counter-Stroke.

Mention has already been made of the manner in which the Austrian forces operating against Serbia have been weakened in order to provide reinforcements for General von Hindenburg in the north. The Serbians have not been slow to seize the opportunity thus offered for a valiant and determined counter-stroke, and probably they were themselves somewhat surprised to find their modern capital on the Danube once more in their hands. This brilliant and well-deserved success coming just at the moment when Berlin and Vienna were officially proclaiming the complete subjugation of Serbia is the surest index of all to the real trend of events round Cracow and along the slopes of the Carpathians. If the Austro-German Allies had not realised their desperate need of every available man for the fighting line in those regions they would never have consented so to weaken their "punitive expedition" against Servia as to enable the splendid veterans of that plucky little Power to crumple it up in so humiliating a manner. Probably it was the fear of political consequences once more that really dictated this policy. Vienna dreaded the effect on Hungary of the threatening Russian invasion. The Hungarians are not grappled on to Austria's bosom with such hooks of steel that they are likely to endure patiently an armed invasion of their land while the Austrians are using their own troops on wild cat expeditions in the Serbian mountains, and, forsooth, for the protection of the Kaiser's Fatherland.

Whatever may be said for or against the old precept that charity begins at home, it is a safe political axiom that home defence begins there. In the beginning Serbia was made a pretext for this war. In the end she may yet prove an important reason for the peace that Austro-Hungary would at this moment probably cheerfully secure, even at the price of surrendering her Bosnian and Herzegovinian plunder.

Object of the German Raid.

The German Raid on the North-East Coast may now properly receive more detailed consideration than it has yet been possible to give to it. The rush of the enemy's warships across the North Sea and back had two main objects in view.

The first was purely a political one. Civilian opinion in Germany had been greatly depressed by the destruction of their Pacific Squadron by Admiral Sturdee off the Falkland Islands, and it was necessary to do something spectacular to restore the waning confidence of the Fatherland. The enemy's other object was also political in character, but was calculated to have military consequences of great moment if the object aimed at was achieved.

Expressed in a sentence, the Kaiser and his War Lords hoped that by bombarding our unfortified towns on the coast such a panic would be occasioned amongst the civilian population of these islands that the despatch of Lord Kitchener's rapidly-maturing new armies to the Continent would be retarded.

Everyone deplores the loss of civilian life which the raid has occasioned, but the Germans have certainly not succeeded in shaking our morale by their demonstration on our coast. The residents in Scarborough and Hartlepool would have been something more than human if they had not been frightened on finding themselves under fire for the first time in their lives, with shells bursting into their houses and chimney stalks falling about their ears.

Behaviour of People.

But even locally the ordeal seems to have been borne with splendid fortitude. The people behaved admirably, and are rather pleased than otherwise to have earned an official recognition of the fact from the War Office.

The bombardment of an unprotected city is certainly not a matter to joke about, but the account which a Scarborough gentleman gave of his experiences to his friends in Leeds was relly quite characteristic of the British temperament. He was walking quietly along the street on his way to the Scarborough railway station when shells from the German warships began to burst around him in all directions.

Presumably he hastened his steps, for, though he took cover at intervals, he reached the station "in good time for the train."

Asked what it felt like to have particles of shell flying about one's head, this gentleman confidentially admitted that his first instinct had been to put up his umbrella. Metaphorically speaking, we should all put up our umbrellas in a similar circumstances. But this would not prevent us from looking back on the storm with equinimity, and viewing even the possibility of its recurrence with calm. Certain it is that there has been no panic, but only a fiercer determination throughout the country to fight this war out to a finish.

Whether the raid has been any more successful in permanently restoring confidence in [illegible] doubt. There has been mafficking and ringing of bells in Berlin, and the German press have hailed the exploit of their navy as a fresh proof that our warships dare not emerge from their harbours. The sneer is only justified in so far as it represents a refusal on the part of the Admiralty to allow our battleships and cruisers to offer themselves as targets for German submarines.

British Naval Strategy.

But even if they are not in a position to appreciate the naval strategy we are pursuing, the German people cannot be wholly ignorant of the steady sea pressure which Admiral Jellicoe is imposing on the German Empire.

The intelligent Teuton who reads the newspaper can hardly fail to note the essential difference between the raid on Scarborough and Hartlepool, followed as it was by the immediate retirement of the German squadron, and our own periodical bombardments of the Belgian Coast. Even the German press censorship can hardly conceal the fact that we are free to enter upon such bombardment at will, and that also with no more interference from the German Navy than is reflected by the attentions of prowling submarines.

Happily no necessity is imposed upon us of dashing back for safety to Dover or Portsmouth any more than London thinks it necessary to go mafficking, or to set its joy bells ringing when it hears of a successful bombardment of Zeebruge or Nieuport.

But our sea supremacy is proven in other ways than this. Germany is experiencing ever increasing difficulty in getting the supplies she requires. The Swiss railways are no longer blocked as they were a few weeks ago, while goods traffic is arriving from Italian stations through into Germany from the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, and the steady all-round increase in prices recorded in Berlin is more eloquent than anything else of the success with which the process of sea strangulation is now being pursued by the British Navy.

Restricting Supplies.

So far as the actual necessities of life are concerned Germany still continues to obtain restricted supplies from neutral countries, and especially from those of the Scandinavian States. Her own internal resources are also considerable, and the stores she accumulated before the war are probably sufficient to secure her against actual want until her next harvest is due.

Of most of the raw material necessary for carrying on the war, Westphalia affords almost illimitable supplies. But there are notable exceptions, and there has been clear indication during the last few weeks that the enemy have been obliged already to economise in the matter of ammunition. It is known that every ounce of copper has been seized in Belgium and sent forward to Krupps. There would seem to be a great scarcity also of antimony, and though Roumania's prohibition against the export of petrol is one which may be, and probably is, largely evaded by contractors, it is a notable fact that substitutes for petrol are now being used for all commercial purposes in Germany.

Our navy has seen to it also that no rubber of any sort enters the Fatherland. We are able to control these supplies at their sources, and without rubber Germany must rapidly lose that mobility which has been the main factor of her successes both in the Eastern and Western theatre of war

THE UNHAPPY HORSE.

Paris, Saturday.

The Geneva Society for the Protection of Animals is summoning a conference for 24th December of delegates of the belligerent countries with a view to considering the question of the treatment of wounded horses during the war.—Reuter.

BODY IN FORTH AND CLYDE CANAL.

Kirkintilloch, Saturday.

The body of a middle-aged man was discovered floating in the Forth and Clyde Canal midway between Kirkintilloch and Bishopbriggs on Saturday evening. The police conveyed the body to the mortuary at Cadder Cemetery, where it awaits identification.

From its appearance the body had been in the water for some time.

AUSTRALIAN GIFTS TO BELGIANS.

Sir T. A. Coghlan, Agent-General for New South Wales, has handed to the American Embassy, through the Belgian Minister, the sum of £60,000 for the relief of Belgians in Belgium.

BITTER ATTACK ON AMERICA

FOR FAILURE TO SYMPATHISE WITH GERMANY IN THE WAR.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Articles attacking America are now appearing in the German press with a frequency that appears to indicate a realisation of the failure of Count Bernstorff and Herr Dernburg's mission to induce Americans to accept the German point of view.

The Franfurter Zeitung to-day publishes a bitterly-worded letter, bearing a November date, from a German American in New York. He says—"Take no trouble, you Germans, to convince Americans or to win their sympathies. This does not lie within the region of possibilities. Every attempt to influence official or unofficial persons is useless and unworthy of you, and is regarded as a token of weakness. Appeals to sentiment and of justice, such as have been made by the Kaiser and the Chancellor, have failed in their object. Impartial people here are powerless to influence public opinion. The press and people of the United States will have nothing to do with you."

The writer proceeds sarcastically to describe the blush of moral indignation spreading over the Puritanical face of the United States, who still maintains troops at Vera Cruz, where she has less business to be than Germany has in Belgium. He speaks of the American professional classes as receiving only the most limited education, and says that their historical knowledge is restricted to the reading of Bancroft American history and the memoirs of innumerable Statesmen and Generals.

The writer criticises scathingly Germany's diplomacy, saying—"It is one thing to belong to the President's tennis parties, like Herr Speck Von Sternburg, and another thing to be a Statesman like Lord Bryce, who was honoured both by Americans and by his own countrymen."—Reuter.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S VIEWS ON THE WAR.

Leading U.S. Citizens Side With Allies.

Efforts have been made by German agents to misrepresent the strength of the support given by the people of the great Western Republic to the cause of Britain and her Allies.

Mr H. T. Denison, the publicity commissioner and secretary of the Kamloops (B.C.) Board of Trade, who is a brother of Colonel George T. Denison, the president of the British Empire League in Canada, has taken the trouble to collect a number of expressions of opinion from leading citizens of the United States residing in various parts of the Union. Their unanimity is remarkable, as the following extracts show:—

Taking the East first, a lady in Washington, D.C., who is in a position to know the views of the most influential persons in civil and military life in the national capital, writes—

"As a mass it is wonderful—glorious is the only word that expresses it—the feeling towards Britain; so much so, I have heard American women say they would head an army of women to help Britain if the American men gave out, and from all quarters come the same views. In the churches are prayers

Of Brush With Germans in North Sea.

Dunfermline, Saturday.

A postcard has been received in Dunfermline from a seaman who was on board one of the destroyers which engaged the German ships bombarding the Yorkshire coast towns.

The sailor says that four British destroyers came into contact with the Germans, and that if the Germans had been able to "shoot for nuts" they would have sunk the British vessels, which looked like rowing boats compared with the Kaiser's cruisers.

The sailor says his boat was holed, and had to put into harbour.

FIGHT AGAINST ODDS.

The Monmouth's Last Moments.

Edward Cousens, A.B. of the Otranto, one of the vessels with the Pacific squadron when the British cruisers were sunk, in a letter just received by his father at Boston, Lincolnshire, says of the fight—

"The Admiral ordered us to steam full speed ahead out of it, as our guns were outranged, and we were too big a target. We did so, but not before the enemy had fired seventy shots at us, though by a miracle they did not hit us.

"Some of the shots went between the funnels and over the head and stern. The enemy were too powerful for our ships, one of them being the crack shots of the German Navy. There were four of them, all of them of bigger class than our three. The battle lasted fifty-nine minutes, and the shots fell like rain around the Monmouth and the Good Hope. It was dark when the battle finished. There was a big explosion on the Monmouth."

A number of French priests taken prisoners by the Germans had to undergo a rigorous theological examination in the concentration camp by German Catholic clergymen in order to establish their claim to be ecclesiastics, and, as such, to be entitled to the same treatment as officers.

Sienkiewics, the famous Polish novelist (best known in this country as the author of "Quo Vadis?"), who refused to sign the anti-British protest at the time of the Boer War, has been elected an honorary member of the Russian Academy of Sciences, which is almost a unique honour for a Pole.

In reply to an advertisement in a Hamburg paper offering a reward of £5 for the return of a lost dog, a letter was received from a German soldier in the trenches in France who was in possession of the animal, asking that the money be sent through an intermediary in exchange for the lost pet.

Before the war more than thirty thousand German or Austrian waiters were employed in the London hotels and restaurants alone, and British waiters could not get a living. To-day there are not enough British waiters to meet the demand, and Swiss, Italians, and Dutchmen are being pressed into the service.

In an English household keen on praying for our enemies a little child of four and a half was bidden to pray for the Kaiser. Her father was an officer lying wounded in a Paris hospital. The child obeyed according to her own idea—"Pray God give Thy Holy Spirit to the Kaiser," she said as bidden. "and then dead him." she added emphatically.

Three Germans who succeeded in obtaining a permit to remain in Paris were arrested while attempting to procure uniforms from one of the most famous military tailors there. One of the trio telephoned to know if his uniform had arrived, and this conversation led to their undoing, for it was overheard by a person who knew the man's nationality.

The headmaster of Portmadoc Intermediate School, where Miss Lloyd George distributed the prizes on the occasion of the annual speech-day, said that one of the fifty old boys of the school had just struck a rich vein of gold in the Rocky Mountains when a passing Indian told him of the war. He dropped his tools, came home forthwith, and is now serving with the colours as second lieutenant.

SEVENTEEN BROTHERS IN THE ARMY. — A farm servant named John Davies, who enlisted at Wellington, Shropshire, in the Army Service Corps, makes the seventeenth brother in one family in the army. Two are in Lord Kitchener's Army, two in the Welsh Fusiliers, and twelve in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry. Fourteen of the seventeen are on active service. Sergeant Davies, the father, died in India when serving in the Shropshire Regiment.

BRANDS GERMANS AS HEINOUS POLECATS.

SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN AND EAST COAST RAID.

Hartlepool, Saturday.

In reference to the bombardment of East Coast towns, Sir Walter Runciman, M.P., in a communication to a West Hartlepool paper, denounces as colossal murder the shelling of unprotected seaboard towns with results which would stamp the perpetrators for all time as heinous polecats. "I think it fair criticism," he continues, "to ask why it happened that German ships were first of all allowed to get here, and why they were allowed to escape. The phrases, 'It has no military significance,' and 'they fled in the mist,' are no consolation to the bereaved nor is it a sailorly way of disposing of an ugly incident requiring resource, instinct, and action. The people ought to be reassured that they will have the vigilant protection of the navy.

"Many messages of sympathy from various parts of the country have been received by the two Mayors or the two boroughs, including the further letter from the Bishop of Durham, who adds—'There is something glorious in the call thus to encounter the actual strokes of a war in which Britain takes so great a part, but that does not make the loss and sorrow less real.'"

Military and civilian funerals were sad features of the scenes in the stricken towns to-day.

FRENCH TO USE DOGS

FOR RED CROSS AND SENTINEL WORK.

Recognising the value of trained dogs for the purposes of war, a strong committee has been appointed in Paris with a view to procuring and training dogs for various uses in connection with the French Army.

The proposal at present is that the dogs available should be trained according to their capabilities either for work in connection with the Red Cross service or to act on sentinel duty, or as draught animals for machine-guns.

One of the points on which the committee most particularly insist is that the animals should all be trained on exactly the same system.

In outlining the scheme M. Hachet Souplet points out that it is perfectly possible to teach a dog to do the same work in several different ways, and that in testing him it may be quite impossible to see how his education has been conducted.

The dog may succeed in the test brilliantly, "but if later the animal commits the slightest fault it will be very difficult for those in charge of him at the front to correct it. The law tempts made to do so by the best intentioned stretcher-bearer may be contradictory to the earlier system of education and make it absolutely useless. Once the key of the system is lost it will be impossible to put the mechanism right."

To meet the objection a uniform system of training and a uniform code of signals are being adopted. As the dogs are trained they are to be distributed at the front by a corps of demonstrators, who, when they hand over the dogs, will explain to the men who will have charge of them the methods by which the best results can be obtained.

ROUNDING-UP FREE STATE REBELS,

Kimberley, Saturday.

Conroy, the last of the principal Free State rebel leaders, has been captured.—Reuter.

Pretoria, Saturday.

An important capture is officially announced from Schweizerrenek in the person of the rebel General Frederick G. A. Wolmarans, of Lichtenburg, who at the time of the outbreak of the rebellion achieved notoriety as one of General Beyers' most active lieutenants.—Reuter.

SCOTTISH SAILOR'S STORY

HUSBAND AND WIFE CAUGHT

IN ACT OF SIGNALLING TO ENEMY.

FATE WHICH OVER-TAKES SPIES.

One of the greatest sources of annoyance, if not of more serious trouble, to the armies operating along the central part of the battle line in France is the widespread spy system, organised by the Germans long before the war and now operating in most baffling fashion.

How far the information culled from the most insignificant sources, but grouped and catalogued, has proved useful to the German strategists is now fairly obvious.

Batteries Rendered Ineffective.

A wretched man and his wife, both French to their shame, were taken by the soldiers in St Brice, a suburb of Rheims, in the very act of signalling to the enemy. They were actual strokes of a war in which Britain takes nondescript people of the lower class, occupying a small detached house with a garden.

Near the house two French batteries were operating, and in the upper part of it a field telephone had been installed, over which, apart from the viva voce orders issued to the gunners, precise indications as to the range, elevation, and general working of the guns were communicated to other places.

Down in the cellar there was another telephone, which communicated with the German lines, by means of which the woman passed these indications to the enemy, so that the work of the batteries was rendered absolutely ineffective.

The Spy's Methods.

The man had a system of signalling with a handkerchief from his garden, which was the eventual cause of his undoing, and which rapidly conveyed subsidiary information to German emissaries, who were on the outlook for it, and a German officer who for many years had worked in Rheims as a foreman in one of the champagne houses came in regularly each day disguised as a French sergeant of artillery to obtain fuller reports.

To complete the system, the man was supplied with small rockets, red and blue, which he set off from a sheltered corner of an adjacent wood at night. The red one indicated that an ammunition convoy was arriving, and the blue one that the trench defenders were being changed, both operations being kept secret for obvious reasons, and always carried out at night.

As a result of the spy's activities both were regularly peppered, no matter how the hour might be changed, and many lives were thus being lost, while the whole operations in that section were being nullified from a cause which for long remained mysterious.

Price of Treachery.

Both the wretched creatures have now been shot. The actual sum they had been paid for their treachery was £18 15s, but it is true they had hopes of future prosperity.

The man had been in trouble with the police, but found employment with the German champagne firm as a casual messenger. His employment was developing, and the rascal was led to suppose he might soon be able to set up a horse and cart, but fairly work up a nice little transport business, for he had been imbued with the idea that the Germans were coming into France to stay. Thus spies are made out of the base cupidity of small people.

Fate of Husband and Wife.

Perhaps the most impressive case was that of a German schoolmistress and her husband, who were shot in a field at Romigny. The woman exhibited great courage. From the day of her arrest she had had no illusions as to her fate, and she faced the firing party with a smile, holding her husband's hand the while. He was hanging back, but fairly composed. The most painful feature was that they had to wait thus for nearly a quarter of an hour while the gendarmes were struggling with a German soldier, one of two who were also being executed at the same time.

These men were members of a party of some fifty prisoners, who, on being searched, were found to have watches and rings concealed in their boots, and in the jewels, in cases, as they had looted them from the shop in Rethel.

An officer taken with them had endeavoured to defend his men, for most of the party were in possession of considerable sums of French money, but the evidence against these two was altogether too damning. The party of prisoners was halted in the roadway by the field to witness the execution.

Although prepared for punishment for theft, the two men were far from expecting death, until they saw the firing party awaiting them. One of them, a big, powerful fellow, fought hard for a while before he could be lined up, and in the meanwhile the schoolmistress waited bravely.

Refused to Walk.

But probably the most extraordinary case of unlooked for death arriving upon a person was that of a large fat man, a Frenchman, who for weeks had been hanging about the armies, and who on being searched was found to have taken quantities of compromising notes.

He was being marched with a gang of prisoners to the rear for trial, but refused to walk, having a notion that he could compel the guards to let him ride in a waggon.

The first step was to chain him to a waggon tail and drag him along, but as he was large and made considerable disturbance he was warned that if he would not march he would be shot.

He took this to be bluff, and defied them to do it, and even to the last, when he faced the firing party by the roadside, my friend was convinced that the man remained firmly of that opinion, and that he died surprised. But the remainder of the prisoners, many of whom had begun to show a tendency to lag, stepped out thereafter with the most vigorous swing possible.

LETTER TO "MY DEAR SON"

Is Clue to Battleship Victim's Identity.

Chatham, Saturday.

An inquest was held at Chatham Royal Naval Hospital to-day on George Albert Rammery (31), a victim of the Bulwark disaster, whose body was recovered from the River Medway.

Deceased was ship corporal. His features were quite unrecognisable, but identification was established by marks on his clothing. A letter found in his pocket was written from Battle, Sussex, and was addressed to "My dear son."

KAISER'S "FEW WORDS" WITH CROWN PRINCE.

A NOVEL CONTEST ALL CAN ENTER.

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince are fond of giving their views on all sorts of matters relating to the war.

Can you imagine a conversation between the Kaiser and his heir after they had received the news of a German defeat?

The "Saturday Post" offers one prize of half a guinea and four prizes of half a crown each to the readers who send the best "few words" between the Kaiser and the Crown Prince on their receiving a telegram announcing that their "invincible army" had been defeated.

Contributions should be as short as possible, and must reach the undernoted address not later than the first post on Tuesday, 22d December. Contributions should be addressed:—

"Kaiser Contest,"
"Saturday Post,"
144 Port-Dundas Road,
Glasgow.

Results of this competition will be published in the "Saturday Post," out on Thursday.

DID GERMAN RAIDERS GET POSSESSION OF BRITISH ADMIRALTY CHART OF MINE FIELD?

WHY WAS SCARBORO' DEFENCELESS?

(INVESTIGATIONS BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

For centuries, thanks to the silver girdle of sea surrounding her shores, Britain has been spared from the indignities and discomforts of war.

But stealing silently through the sea mists off the coast of Scarborough, the German warships subjected the nation to the shock of a rude awakening

The result has been that the British people have had all the horrors of war and the consequent results of a possible invasion brought right home to them.

After centuries of peace, the feeling of security has tended to produce an appearance of sloth and slumber. But, thanks to the German raid, that feeling exists no longer.

In Scarborough Britons have seen the roof-trees of happy homes set ablaze. Peaceful citizens have been awakened from their sleep to meet horrible deaths from the enemy's shot and shell. Modern public buildings and revered historic remains have been shattered by the shell fire of the ruthless invader in his frienzied lust for aimless destruction.

Women in their fright have clutched babes to their breasts and rushed into the streets to meet their death from the shrapnel bullets exploded in their midst.

A Rude Awakening.

Yorkshire inland towns awakened to the grim realities of war when over-loaded trains discharged their loads of frantic refugees, whose appearance as they made their way into the streets sent a thrill of horror through their fellow-citizens.

The appearance of the Belgian refugees in our midst aroused feelings of commiseration, but the sight of English women and children, covered only by their night attire and the first wrappings that came to hand, aroused at last a genuine feeling of hate against the people responsible for such barbarities.

The surrounding villages within ten and twenty miles of Scarborough were quickly filled with crowds of affrighted women. In the majority of cases the first necessity supplied was an article of clothing to cover their nakedness.

So severe was the shock that in one case a woman had carried her babe ten miles head downwards without noticing its crying. Some made the task of flight harder by burdening themselves with family treasures that they refused to risk the loss of in case the Huns succeeded in making a landing.

Cricketer's Interrupted Swim.

In Scarborough itself the bombardment brought out typically the strong traits of British character. Benny Wilson, the Yorkshire cricketer, takes his morning bathe in the sea all through the winter. He had just taken to the water when the noise of the first shell exploding came to his ears. Like the rest of the bathers he thought that it was from some British ship practicing at sea, but the rain of shells that so rapidly followed disillusioned him quickly. Finishing his swim, he dressed as the messengers of death shrieked and whistled overhead, afterwards making for a favourable position to see the results of the one-sided battle.

In the town itself the business men were just rising from their beds, working men were hurrying home for their breakfast, and shopkeepers were taking down their shutters to commence the day's trading. Said one business gentleman to me:—"I had just shaved one half of my face when crash went the first shell. By Gad, that's the Germans, I said, and puting down my razor I was going to make a bolt for it, when I caught sight of the lather on my face. That settled it. I could not make myself ridiculous in the eyes of neighbours, so I finished the job. By that time I had got rid of my fright, so I took my bath, and by the time I had finished dressing and got down to breakfast the trouble was over."

A Workman's Escape.

A workman's tale was:—"I was hurrying over for breakfast when there came a crash and a piece of stone hit me in the eye. I'm afraid I swore badly, but the noise of other shells whizzing about made me hop it pretty lively. I made a bee line for a pub, whose door stood open, but remembering that I had no money in my pocket, and that my breakfast was getting cold I said —— —— the Germans, and, tucking in my head, scooted through the streets in quicker time than I have done for a dozen years. By the time I had finished I set off back to work, but finding folks busy helping to remove the wounded and noticing that they were short-handed, I got among them, and set to work. Of course, I was late in getting back to work, and lost a 'quarter,' and that is what the German raid has cost me."

Frantic Women.

A shopkeeper's tale was soon told. "I had taken half the shutters down when bang went the first shot. Big gun firing, I said at once. I had not long to wait for the next, and the rapid explosions that followed in quick succession, followed by the noise and dust from falling masonry, soon told me that we were being bombarded. Women began to rush past wringing their hands in frantic terror.

"Standing at the door, I soon had my cellars packed full with women, whom I had persuaded to seek shelter there. It was hot while it lasted, but it was all over in half an hour, and in less than an hour I was conducting my business as usual."

A Fisherman's Tale.

"Who is right now I wonder. When we fishermen told our tales of the lights we had seen signalling from the shore we were laughed to scorn. The authorities thought we were being frightened to death at the sight of our own women's bedroom candles. But take my tip, spy-hunting is now the business of the authorities, and if a few don't get shot for this business I'm much disappointed.

"I have been bred and born on this coast, and since the lights were obscured when I come in at night, particularly if there is mist about, I have got to creep and crawl, feeling my way as I go. But those Germans came in as confidently as if it were broad daylight.

Has There Been Treachery?

"Whether the pilots were German or English there is no doubt about them knowing their business. I see some speak of one ship being off Scarborough. There were three. One was a battle cruiser, another was one of the big cruisers, while a torpedo boat stood well off shore, apparently on guard, ready to give the signal in case of the approach of the British Fleet, and ready to assist in making good the escape of the ships engaged in the bombardment.

"And you can take it from me that signalling took place during the dark hours of the night. Lights were shown from the Marine Drive, and from the cliffs, and two hours before the German ships came into sight they were showing lights from the sea. It seems to me that the fact that the enemy were able to evade not only our blockading vessels, but also to successfully negotiate the mine-strewn seas, is proof that they have had access to the official Admiralty chart issued at weekly intervals. And that supposition compels me ruefully to admit that such access could only be obtained by the treachery of native-born Britons, whose honour has been bought and sold for German gold."

Rush of Visitors.

A ramble round Scarborough on Thursday would have surprised the German Emperor could he have made the visit. Restaurants are doing a roaring trade, for the trains were discharging thousands of visitors into the town.

"Looks as if the Germans have done us a good turn, and extended our visiting season this year. I never remember the town being so crowded in December before," said a cookshop proprietor, as he continued cutting slices off a huge joint of beef.

"Shall be full up for Christmas," said a boarding-house keeper, showing me a sheaf of letters. "It looks as if my visitors will be disappointed if the Germans do not pay us another visit this Christmastide."

Passing along the street, I came across a shop with its windows completely blown out. "Business as Usual," was the notice printed in a card, and displayed over the door. There could be seen the shopkeeper and his assistants serving the customers as complacently as if English shops were customarily left open to the inroads of snow, hail, rain, and burglars.

Trade in Relics.

Already the natives are driving a roaring trade in souvenirs of shell splinters. By the time the summer season arrives it is obvious that Birmingham will have to come to the assistance of the traders in the provision of these grim relics.

A Servant's Amusing Account.

Some of the natives tell their experiences in a humourous strain. One boarding-house servant, a typical Cockney, told her story with an accent that brought the chimes of Bow Bells to my ears.

"Oh, yes, we are full of visitors, but not as full as we might have been. Kaiser Bill's crush would like to have stayed over Christmas with us, but found they couldn't stop.

"Seem to take the matter calmly, do I? Well, take things as they come, has always been my motto, and it's the only way to take German shells that I know of. Oh, yes, they were hot stuff, and beggars to bang, not 'arf. Crystal Palace fireworks are fools to the German Christmas boxes. When I was a kiddie down in Tooting a thunderbolt fell down our kitchen chimney. Some noise, as the Yankees say, but a pig's whisper to the German bit of joy that fell on our front door step. I'd spent half an hour cleaning those blessed steps. Catching sight of the milkman coming, I went to the back kitchen for a jug. I just twisted up my hair a little, and fixed my cap straight, when the shell dropped. I'd left the bucket outside, so I ran to see what the mischief was up. I've not found that bucket yet, and I shall never clean those steps again.

Mind the Canary.

"My old mother lived next door to a German music teacher with a big family. She used to say, 'You can't have Germans in the neighbourhood without missing something.' I believe her now. I ran back into the kitchen, and my old missus said, 'I knew we should have thunder soon; my corns have been troubling me so lately.'

"'Don't worry, old dear,' I said. 'Your corns won't trouble you long. That was the Germans knocking at the door.'

"With a howl the old lady went through the back door like a young girl who had never known what corns were. I should have followed her, but I had a fortnight's washing to get through. I got a wire from Pudsey from her, asking me not to forget to change the canary's water. This thing just proves that a girl can't be too careful in keeping up her appearance. If I had not stopped to do my hair up there I should have been catching German shells in a milk jug, and another poor girl would have lost her situation."

German papers will picture the Yorkshire coast, town in flames, while the entire population a demoralised mob in a state of panic overrunning the rest of Britain, whereas I find the Scarborough folks not only full of business, carrying out their everyday duties in a matter-of-fact manner, but also inclined, in the usual British way, to make fun out of everything, even their own misfortunes.

Underlying Feeling.

But beneath the mask of flippancy there is evidence of a grimmer feeling that is being kept under control. As one passes the districts where the enemy's gun fire had greatest effect a tightening of lips and a kindling light in the eye betokens that deeper feelings are being stirred. Here stands a house, the roof torn off, the windows blown out, and the furniture a heap of broken fragments scattered around. There stands a boarding-house, built of solid stone masonry, with a gaping rent in its side, through which a horse and cart could drive. In this house, whispers a voice to me, a family of refugees were killed.

At another spot I was shown the shattered roof of a house, and was told of an old lady of eighty-five and her daughter wounded as they lay sleeping in their beds by the fragments of the shell that wrecked their home.

A Day of Reckoning.

Eighteen Scarborough citizens met their deaths—five men, eight women, and five children, whose ages ranged from fourteen months to fourteen years old.

This is the bag that the German sportsmen can boast of as the result of half an hour's shelling of a defenceless town. Their rain of shells has also damaged the town to the extent of some £40,000 to £50,000. Upwards of a hundred defenceless citizens are also nursing wounds to-day thanks to the enemy's exploits. The bill is totalled up and added to the list of charges to be sent in and paid for later.

Britain, we are told, contains a nation of shopkeepers. And shopkeepers have a habit of seeing that debts to them are paid in full. "The day of reckoning will arrive," said a Scarborough man to me, whose child lay dead at home.

But the question asked in Scarborough is—Why was the town defenceless? Castle Hill and Oliver's Mount offer splendid positions for forts, and experience proves to us that Germans respect rules of warfare when they find themselves weaker than the enemy, and only then. The citizens tell of a big gun that was brought to the town years ago, that was promptly buried and apparently forgotten, for we are told that stables have since been built over its grave.

Hunt For Spies.

On Thursday the military were warned by telephone that signals were being made from a certain house. With loaded rifles they quickly surrounded it, and searched it from cellar to garret. The first search was fruitless, but a later examination, it is said, resulted in a man being discovered, dressed in woman's clothes.

A crowd of five hundred people were keenly interested in the motions of a supposed spy signalling from a chimney stack some two or three miles away. Your special commissioner focussed his field glasses, and was able to assure the crowd that it was the whirling of a smoke cowl in the wind that was the cause of their curiosity, and the crowd quickly melted away.

As usual, even in their flight, the Germans took the opportunity of strewing the seas with their deadly mines between the Tyne and Flamborough Head. The Admiralty have forbidden the movement of vessels in this area, but before the order was issued three steamers were sunk by the mines off Scarborough and Whitby. Only four of the seventeen of the crew of the Vaaren were saved. But the whole of the crew of the Princess Olga were saved, the Scarborough lifeboats being out all night on their life-saving mission.

In Scarborough the impression is that though the raiders escaped from our warships in the mist, they will not succeed in reaching home safely. During Thursday heavy gunfire was heard off the Yorkshire Coast, and news of the total destruction of the pirates is anxiously awaited in Scarborough.

An old fisherman's comment is:—"Whether they flew the White Ensign or the German flag, the raiders were sailing under false colours. Warships that shell unprotected towns have only one flag, and that is the skull and crossbones."

NON-COMS. PROMOTED.

The London Gazette last night announced the under-mentioned warrant and non-commissioned officers to be second lieutenants:—

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)—Sergeant Alfred John Wyatt.

The Manchester Regiment—Sergeant Joseph Harry Grindel from Scots Guards.

Gordon Highlanders — Quartermaster-Sergeant W. Gordon, Sergeant W. Fraser.

ARTIST'S WIFE'S FATE.

Ashford, Saturday Night.

An inquest was held at Ashford to-day on the body of the wife of Walter Crane, the well-known artist. Mrs Crane had been staying for a rest cure at Kingsworth, but was missed early on Friday morning. Subsequently her dead body with a fractured skull was found on the railway line.

The jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind.

A lad of seventeen, who said he was employed as a telegraphist at the General Post Office, and was not allowed to enlist, was sworn in at Hampstead as a special constable.

KEEPING UP REPUTATION OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.

VIVID STORIES FROM THE TRENCHES.

A trooper of the 12th Lancers, writing home under date November 23, says:—

My Darling Little Wife,—I am sitting in the kitchen of a farmhouse here writing this, as it is cold outside. We have had snow here for the last four days, and it is freezing day and night. The fields are white and there is a keen N.E. wind which cuts you to the skin. The fellows here are all sticking it bravely, though, and we are all cheerful under very trying conditions.

We had a terrible time last Thursday night. We had to take our turn in the trenches, and we saddled our horses and had to ride in a snowstorm about eight miles to within three miles of the trenches. We left our horses there and walked the rest. I've had some cold rides in my time, but I think this one took the biscuit.

After we arrived at the trenches we were delayed, with the result that we got almost frozen stiff, standing in the snow for about two and a half hours. We were not allowed to strike a match or speak above a whisper, as the Germans were within fifty yards of us. When we did move into them we found there wasn't room for the whole of the squadron, so my section (five men) had to return to a disused milk factory about a mile and a half.

At 4 a.m. we were told to take the rations up to the men in the trenches, and while doing it we were sniped at by the Germans, but none of us got hit. It was a risky job, I can tell you. A pal and I took it in turns to carry a big box of biscuits. We reached the trenches safely, and our major then told us to go back and prepare a great cauldron of hot tea for the boys in the evening when they came out of the trenches.

It was just getting daylight, and we showed up awfully against the snowy background. Back we went, and hadn't gone ten yards before we found a French soldier huddled up in the road with about three inches of snow on him, as dead as a doornail. We turned the poor chap over to make sure, and all of a sudden, "Ping, ping, ping!" the bullets came flying after us. I said to my pal, "Come on mate! It's not good for our health here," and we made tracks for the milk factory. Oh, it was awful that night. We had five men killed and four wounded. I was speaking to one of them five minutes before he got hit. Poor fellow, he was the major's servant, and a great pal of mine. He died without firing a shot.

In the trenches the British are excelling themselves as men of stamina, for, believe me, it is killing work; perfect murder, in fact. Yet they hardly ever complain. Six men and an officer had to go into hospital with frostbite, and my feet have not got the circulation back yet. Never mind, we must keep up our reputation as British soldiers, and stick it. I only wish some of these 200,000 football fadists would enlist and come out here.

BROTHER RESCUES BROTHER.

Lance-Corporal Frank Reynolds, of the 2d Battalion of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, was severely wounded at Ypres, and is now in hospital in France. His brother George rescued him from the trenches under circumstances detailed in the following letter to his mother:—

I expect before you get this you will know Frank has been wounded. I had a narrow escape. There were six of us in a trench together, when a shell dropped into it, killed four, wounded Frank, and I did not get a scratch. We were absolutely buried. All I could see of Frank when I scrambled out was the collar of his overcoat, and I pulled at that for ten minutes, until I succeeded in getting him out. He had a pretty bad wound, but nothing to be afraid of. I have not heard how he is since; I expect he is all right. We have been too busy knocking Germans "out of mess" this last five weeks to think of writing letters.

From the Women's Hospital Corps, Lance-Corporal Frank Reynolds writes:—

I got hit by a shell bursting over our trench, in the face, neck, and shoulder, and am now getting over the shock a bit. I shall soon get over it, so don't worry, will you? I am in one of the very best hospitals, and am being well cared for and looked after. It is a ladies' hospital. Lady doctors do all the work—no men at all—so you can guess I am all right, and will soon be well enough to come to England; at least, I hope so. George and I were the only two spared out of six in our trench. Don't you think I had a fine birthday?

A HUGE DRAMA.

To his father, in Edinburgh, an officer at the front writes:—

This war is simply a huge drama, where one sits and watches one drop-scene for a few weeks, while the artillery orchestrates with fugues and symphonies, and then, hey presto! the curtain rings down, there is a short, bustling entr'acte of marching or entraining, and we settle down again in our (more or less) comfortable stalls, and doze off into the strained inaction of field siege-works. The last despatch is a narrative of events which resulted in a somewhat stale and unprofitable termination to some of the most glorious episodes in our history.

It looks to me as if some political interference had influenced the purely strategic conduct of the operations—but that, perhaps, time will show. Anyway, we have successfully thwarted the German plans, however widely we missed our own strategic mark—we have gained time, ground, and a moral advantage over the enemy, which enables us to embark on a fourth phase of the campaign with renewed confidence and vigour.

It is a treat to see these Territorial battalions, with their keen, fresh appearance and full ranks. They have brought a new impetus into our war-worn battle-line. I confess that I prefer war to foxhunting, as I don't feel guilty, and I don't mind the danger. The danger, after all, is half the fun of the game.

OFFICERS' DINNER.

Captain Ussher, Duke of Connaught's Baluchis, writing home to relatives, says:—

I am writing this letter in the trench by the light of a small brazier of coal, time 6.15 p.m., just after our dinner. We dined extra early to-night, as there has been a fight on our right to-day and we may be called up to help the other Indian regiments now in front of us, so we thought it just as well to get some food when we could. We had bacon, stewed bully beef, and French potatoes, and plenty of hot tea. You can imagine how welcome in a cold, muddy trench. I peel and slice the potatoes; I stir the bully beef stew in a tin bucket, and a very savoury mess I make of it all. I took off my boots this afternoon for about a quarter of an hour, the first time for four days and nights. Even then I could only take off one at a time, as one never knows when we are called off at a moment's notice.

A MESSAGE TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Lance-Corporal Bates, of the 19th Hussars, who is now at home on a short holiday, says that after one of the engagements he was in, a wounded German soldier asked him to take a message to his sweetheart, an English girl in London. "I was to tell the girl that being called out to fight against her country had nearly broken his heart, and from the first day he went into the firing line he had given up hope of coming out alive. He had recognised one of her brothers among a party of English wounded in one of the fights. His last prayer was that she would forgive him for doing his duty to his country."

TRAGIC SCENE IN A HOTEL.

GIRL WHO WENT THROUGH ANTWERP BOMBARDMENT

ATTEMPTS TO TAKE HER LIFE IN LONDON.

A romantic story of the war was related at the Godalming Police Court, when Maria Pigneur, a Belgian, was charged with having attempted to commit suicide.

The evidence showed that two Belgian officers, accompanied by the prisoner, called at the Railway Hotel, Godalming, where they had lunch.

After lunch the prisoner asked for a room, which was given her, and at the prisoner's request one of the officers—Lieutenant Georges Collard, 6th Regiment of the Line, Belgian Army—went up to the room.

Shortly afterwards the landlady was called up by the cry, "Madame! madame!" and it was then found that the prisoner had swallowed some liniment. Doctors were summoned, and the prisoner recovered.

Lieutenant Collard gave evidence. He said he had known the prisoner for two and a half years. They were lovers, but had made no propositions of marriage, as in Belgium an officer was not allowed to marry without the permission of the War Minister, and the consent was not given unless it were shown that the woman had a dowry of £1600. When he was wounded the prisoner came to see him in hospital at Antwerp every day.

Met in London.

He saw her in London fifteen days ago when he (the witness) was seeing a comrade off to the front. Three or four days later he received a letter from her, stating that as he seemed indifferent towards her she thought they had better part, and he replied agreeing to this course. On December 9 he received a telegram from her stating that she was coming to Godalming for a last explanation.

Describing the scene in the bedroom, the witness said he was looking out of the window when he heard her cry "Adieu," and turning round he saw her holding a glass containing a brown-coloured liquid to her mouth. He snatched it from her, but she had drunk about half of it.

Superintendent Jennings said the prisoner expressed her deep regret. When Lieutenant Collard was wounded she nursed him daily. She was afterwards in Antwerp during the whole of the bombardment. For four days and nights she was in a cellar under the ground without food and with only one candle for light. She had no clothes to go away in, and she succeeded in making herself some garments by the light of the candle. She left the city at 5 a.m., and pushed a perambulator into Holland. At length she arrived in England, destitute, and with only one friend—Lieutenant Collard.

The Magistrates discharged the prisoner, the chairman (Mr H. Colpus) stating that they felt that the prisoner had undergone enough suffering. They hoped that she had a brighter future before her.

REMOUNTS FROM AMERICA.

While Austria and Germany are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain supplies of almost any kind from outside sources, the other belligerent countries, thanks to British and French warships, are meeting with no obstacle.

In addition to food and fuel supplies, all kinds of materials for the manufacture of munitions of war are coming across the seas freely. In South America too, horses are being bought by the thousand. The only trouble is that there are not enough steamers available for the purpose. Horses are also being sent from the United States and Canada. A premium of four guineas per cent., covering all risks, has been paid for the insurance, compared with 7s 6d to 10s per cent. for ordinary cargo.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

A chaplain at the front has asked that a large quantity of Christmas carols may be sent out for the soldiers to sing in the trenches.

The Dulwich College roll of honour announces that there are 675 old boys now serving with His Majesty's forces.

It is understood that in the course of his inspection of training camps for the new army, the King will pay a visit to Ireland.

Mr and Mrs Elliott Alves, of Tunbridge Wells, are entertaining 2500 Territorials to dinner in that town on Christmas Day.

The German military authorities have purchased a quantity of Christmas trees to be despatched to the troops in the western war area.

Miss Gilleland, who has just returned to her Welsh home after acting for some time as governess in the family of Bernhardi, says that "in Germany they do not take all he says as gospel."

At an expenditure of £350,000, some forty thousand troops are to be quartered within a mile or so of Ripon, and a light railway is to be built to give access for supplies.

The lightness of the calendar at the London Sessions moved Mr Robert Wallace, K.C., the chairman, to observe that "if things go on like this the Courts will soon be among the unemployed."

The war on Germany's chemical trade has created a great demand for British chemists, dye and drug firms having three posts vacant for every two that under existing conditions can adequately be filled.

A pauper inmate of Lambeth Workhouse having obtained leave to go out to seek work, failed to return. The authorities received from him an intimation that he had enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery.

The principal picture palaces in various parts of Sussex are showing on the screen every night the daily numbers of men recruited for the Southdown Battalions under Colonel Lowther for Kitchener's Army.

Canon Green, of Manchester, declares that if all the atrocities alleged against the German soldiery be proved true, "it is still the teaching of Christ for men to love their enemies and pray for those that despitefully use us."

The Berliner Tageblatt reports that through the general order forbidding dances in public places, considerable financial loss has been entailed, not only on account of the loss of receipts, but in the depreciation of ground rent values.

It is reported that a Conservative member of the Reichstag, who obtained the Iron Cross, Second Class, in 1870, has now been awarded the First Class. There is also an instance of four generations of one family possessing the Iron Cross.

Belgian peasant girls were obliged to obey the orders of Prussian officers to dance with German soldiers as partners to the music of a military band in the half-ruined farmhouse on the occasion of a recent Bavarian local saint's day.

After the war it seems probable that the farmer who will profit most is the one who breeds live stock, for the number of horses killed will result in a world scarcity. Already many far-seeing men are arranging to engage in this industry.

The American Christmas gifts to German, Austrian, and Hungarian children, which were landed by the steamer Jason at Genoa, and filled three railway trucks, were transported free of charge on all Italian State railways as far as the frontier.

"If there is one man I pity with all my heart," said the Bishop of Stepney in an address at Leamington, "it is the man who is low enough or slow enough not to care about what is going on at the war. He is a poor, miserable creature."

In a leading Berlin restaurant a few evenings ago twenty-five guests were entertained by the proprietor to a "farewell white roll supper," provided gratis, to celebrate the passing of white bread, the consumption of which is now forbidden by the military authorities.

FATE OF THE TWO EMPERORS.

STARTLING DIAGNOSIS OF KAISER

AND FRANCIS JOSEPH.

In the Revue de Psychotherapie of Geneva, Dr Neipp, vice-president of the Swiss Academy of Medicine, and a well-known specialist on nervous and mental disease, publishes a curious analysis of the physical and mental characteristics of the two allied Emperors.

He considers these two potentates, who are politically and morally responsible for the catastrophes under which the world is suffering, to be medically scarcely answerable for their acts.

Francis Joseph.

The case of the Emperor Francis Joseph is simple. With an extraordinary robust physical constitution, he possesses a nervous and sensitive equipment below the average. His retreating low forehead, small brain capacity, and thick skull are apparent signs of this inferiority.

He seems never to have understood, and hardly to have felt, what has been going on around him. The most fearful domestic tragedies and public dramas have left him with an untroubled digestion and a mind free for ordinary occupations and amusements.

After summing up a technical diagnosis of his case, Dr Neipp predicts that the Emperor-King will probably vegetate for a few more years after the inevitable dismemberment of the monarchy, and end his days in senile imbecility.

The Case of the Kaiser.

The case of the Kaiser is more complicated. Here we have a nature exceptionally endowed with intellectual faculties enough to have made him a good officer or public servant if he had been born in private life. But his childhood and youth were passed in the intoxication of the Prussian triumphs of 1866 and 1870, which turned his head, until Teutonic pride was cubed in his brain, at the same time that will-power degenerated to such a degree that it was not equal to restraining the abnormal growth of unbridled ambition.

To do him justice, it must be allowed that this pathological condition of the Kaiser's intelligence is probably due in a great measure to his state of physical health, arising from hereditary taints. The symptoms of congenital ailments are numerous—one arm atrophied, swellings of the joints, and ear trouble. The Kaiser suffers from agonising headaches and frequent insomnia.

Dr Neipp concludes that if Francis Joseph is a victim of want of will-power, the Kaiser is a hyperacute slave to caprice, and liable to intermittent attacks of melancholy madness, or dangerous lunacy.

The professor is of opinion that the Kaiser will either put an end to himself in battle or finish in an asylum.

JOY OF A HOT BATH.

A member of the London Rifle Brigade serving at the front, writing home to his parents, says:—

This is a wonderful life, and you would roar with laughter to see us all in our little holes as happy as we are dirty. These Tommies are funny fellows and awfully amusing. Of course, we get all sort of tips from them, but it's their casual way of taking everything as it comes that strikes one most.

We are just finishing our third day (Nov. 29) in the trenches. It is really a lazy life, as one cannot take any exercise. I am lucky in having one of the cosiest hutches in the line, I and two of the Somersets. We cook our food, read, write, sleep, and watch the enemy, or, rather, their trenches, as quietly and safely as though Germany had yet to be discovered.

We got back from our trenches last night, and to-day are having our rest. Joy of joys! This morning our platoon had hot baths in the local brewery—the hottest of water in the beer-making vats.

GUARDING THE KIEL CANAL

AGAINST ATTACKS BY AIR OR LAND.

BIG SUBMARINES BEING TURNED OUT.

Remarkable precautions have been taken against any possible attack on the Kiel Canal by air or land.

The warships anchored in the fiord wear war paint, and have their torpedo nets rigged. A Red Cross flag flies from the Imperial Yacht Club.

The skylights in the shipyard buildings have been blackened to prevent lights from within being seen by hostile aviators, and for a similar reason placards in hotel rooms bear the request that shutters to the windows be closed before any light is displayed.

As a further precaution against attacks by aircraft, machine guns have been posted in inconspicuous positions on the roofs of the higher buildings, and occasionally sentinels may be seen on the tops of high structures. A broad expanse of fortifications and barbed wire entanglements is traversed here and there when one is driving on the outskirts.

German Navy Impatient.

The fighting men of the Germans unmistakably are chafing for a chance to meet the British Navy, and find it hard work to remain patient, but take into consideration the strategic grounds which govern the policy of the German Fleet. They express little bitterness toward the British, but rather a desire to match strength with a worthy opponent, whom they always have admired. This no doubt has led to the recent raids on the English coast.

A large number of submarines are approaching completion, or are in an advanced stage of construction. Several have been put into commission since the outbreak of war. All of these are of the largest sea-going type.

The Germans claim that already they have more of the big cruising type of submarines than have the British. Evidence also is to be seen that Germany's mammoth fleet of torpedoes has been considerably strengthened since the outbreak of the war in boats having a speed of thirty-six knots.

The torpedo works have been almost doubled in capacity since the beginning of the war, and they are now turning out more torpedoes than are used, so that the large war reserve is increasing.

SUPPLIES FROM CANADA.

Ammunition Factories Work Day and Night.

Canadian factories are working night and day to supply Britain's needs in war material.

Four firms have received orders to make as many shells as they can for the British Government. Extra hands have been engaged, and the work never ceases. Specimen Canadian-made shells sent to England and tested there proved perfectly satisfactory.

Immense orders for leather goods for the army are expected. Sir George Foster, the Minister for Trade, recently summoned a meeting of sixty of the principal tanners of Canada, and asked if they could supply the leather if large war orders were received. They gave assurances that the Canadian tanneries could supply all the demands that were likely to be made on them.

War medals are to be presented by the Northampton Christmas Dinner Fund to every Northampton child between the ages of three and fourteen whose father is serving with the forces. The medals are engraved on the reverse, "A recognition of my father's patriotism."

HE FEARS THE WOMEN.

JOFFRE BARS THEIR WAY TO BATTLEFIELD.

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS GENERAL.

Madame Louis Latour, in the course of a lecture, in London, gave a vivid word-picture of General Joffre. He was, she said, an iron disciplinarian.

French soldiers were not even allowed to carry home as trophies German helmets picked up on the battlefield, and he would not allow under any pretext visits from wives or sweethearts when they were on active service. "Women have nothing to do with the army," he said: "I fear them as much as I fear intoxicating liquor."

He accepted no excuses for neglect of duty. Yet this man was beloved by the soldiers of his army, for they knew he was just, and they had confidence in his ability. Every day the General rose at daybreak, and he began work at six o'clock. At ten o'clock at night to the minute he went to bed, and it must be something altogether exceptional that kept him up later.

His fare was plain, almost as plain as that of his soldiers, and in this connection a story was told of a lady in a country chateau who prepared him an exquisite repast. After dinner she appeared dejected, and one of her friends asked, "Didn't the General like his dinner?" "He would not touch it," she replied; "all he ate was an omelette."

Madame Latour concluded a charming causerie with a little anecdote tending to show that this stern-looking, self-contained man had a soft corner in his heart.

One day he called for three aviators for an exceptionally difficult and dangerous operation, which meant almost certain death. There were thirty-six present, and all volunteered. "You must draw lots," said the General. They did, and in this way three were selected.

"Very well," said the General, "you know what you have to do; now go." The three men retired. But when they reached the door the General held out his arms and, advancing towards them, said, "Depuis quand les enfants vont-ils à la mort sans embrasser leur père?"

MANUAL LABOUR WITH THE BAYONET.

A captain in a line regiment at the front, in the course of a letter, says:—

For the last five days in the trenches the Germans had a trench only thirty yards in front of mine, and we fought all day and all night, sometimes with rifle grenades, and hand grenades, and every night we rushed their trench and bayonetted what we could and skeddadled back again. One morning they rushed us just as we were going to rush them, and we had a battle royal. We "outed" them after about a quarter of an hour's manual labour with the bayonet.

I had a couple of extraordinary near squeaks. My revolver suddenly got stuck in the holster, and I could not get it out, and one blighter came at me with a bayonet and calling me the most unparliamentary names in English—I am sure I blushed. I succeeded in collaring him round the knees, as if we were playing "rugger," and brought him down and managed to get hold of his throat and returned some of the abuse until he was bayonetted.

After that I had to climb out of the trench and get some men from another part of it and bring them in from behind, and lump them in on top of friend German, which rang down the curtain.

MORE PRODS :: AT THE KAISER
By The Cartoonists.

L'Uomo di Pietru (Milan).

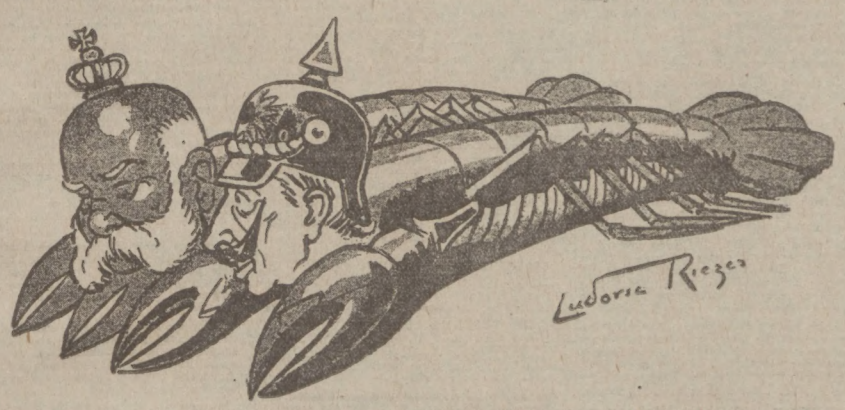
THE PUNISHMENT FOR WILLIAM.

This will not be St Helena, but the cell for criminal lunatics.

Numero (Turin).

THE GRAND TURK!

"I am prepared to occupy the elevated position which was reserved to Italy."



Le Rire (Paris).

THE IMPERIAL DUET.

"We'll arrive in Paris together."

Boches (Paris).

"THE MISERABLE LITTLE ARMY."

William (soliloquising)—"Perhaps I have spoken a little too previous."

Montreal Standard.

DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE.

Mr Asquith in his Guildhall Speech—"The Turkish Empire has committed suicide, and dug with its own hands its grave."

"Le Rire Blas," Paris.

A LETTER TO THE EMPRESS.

William (writing to Berlin)—"Augusta, you had better pack."

From a Lisbon Journal.

THE CHASE OF THE BIRD OF PREY.

John Bull preparing to rid the world for all time of certain birds of prey.

L'Europe Anti-Prussienne (Paris).

THE OBSESSION OF IMPERIALISM.

Germany's attempt to accommodate the world to the Imperial helmet.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT AT CELTIC-AIRDRIE MATCH

HEARTS HAPPY AND HEFTY AT HAMPDEN.

RANGERS SHOW MOTHERWELL HOW TO DO IT.

The Celtic-Airdrie match attracted a large crowd to Broomfield.

M'Menemy and M'Nair made brainy moves early. Sandy Thomson replied for the 'Onians with a trick or two at the expense of "Napoleon." Play was very equal. And there were pretty touches on both sides.

Browning laid the ball at M'Atee's toes. The outside right promptly gave Gane the slip, and Brown had to look very lively to clear. Then Reid came full in view with a solo dash, which M'Nair neutralised by a bit of extra special tackling. The conditions were good. There was no wind—therefore no advantage fell to any side. Airdrie's dash was first-rate. Their halfs were bold and breezy. Reid started what proved to be a dangerous raid, in which all the home forwards joined. And it was a near thing for Celtic, Rafferty missing with a warmer.

Celtic were at the home end in a trice. M'Atee bagged the first corner. It fetched nil. Sandy Thomson was prime. He dodged, dribbled, and passed in a way worthy of his best days. Indeed, all the 'Onian forwards were moving nicely. Paterson gave M'Nair trouble, but Celtic's defence as a whole was solid and safe.

M'Atee and Gallacher made great progress, and looked like going clean in. In the nick of time Gane intervened. Airdrie were at Celtic end soon by choice passing, and it was hard luck on Donaldson to have his champion shot brainily blocked by M'Nair, who displayed remarkable anticipation. It was a ding-dong struggle. The exchanges were strong and thrilling, Airdrie showing form greatly improved upon that of the past few weeks. Paterson led Jim Young and M'Nair a fine dance in the left corner, and Celts only got rid of the menace by fouling the winger clear of the penalty area. Thomson continued to make remarkable openings. He fed like a mother, and time and again drew the Celtic defence delightfully. A corner from one of his moves bore nil. Shaw was often busy.

THE ONLY GOAL.

Midway through the period the give-and-take favoured the 'Onians. Yet at this juncture Celts drew blood. On the too-and-fro they did not deserve to get the lead, but the point was a good one all the same. Still, it might have been prevented. Celts made a sudden breakaway. The home defence was caught on the hop. Gane thought Brown should do more than he did, and Brown thought the same of Gane. The result was that M'Coll quietly slipped the ball into the net from a pass from the left. It was rather hard lines on Airdrie.

Fast and free were the subsequent exchanges. The Airdrie attack was bold and daring, but had no luck. Celtic put up a powerful defence. M'Atee had a great drive at the home goal, missing by inches. M'Coll soon after was almost through. Times were exciting, with play of good quality. M'Coll again filled the picture with a beauty of a shot, which hit the bottom of the near upright, and M'Atee followed with a tearing rasp which made the home spectators thiver.

The 'Onians had the best of the equaliser. The forwards were for a minute all over the Celts. Shaw fluked a drive from Reid, but in the subsequent hurry the champion defence rallied and cleared. Then Brown was in a welter at the other end. Twice he saved hot stuff. Celtic strove tremendously for a better lead, and they got it through M'Atee. What led up to the goal was this. M'Coll got the ball in mid-field. He passed to Browning, who ran in, crossed to M'Atee, who beat Gane and netted the ball with a long drive. The ball was taken to the centre to be kicked off.

A STRANGE THING HAPPENED.

Then a strange thing happened. One of the linesmen signalled to the referee (Mr Jackson), who joined him in consultation. As the upshot of it, Mr Jackson gave Airdrie a free kick at the spot where Browning had collared the ball. Then there was a how-de-do. Sunny Jim, as captain of the Celts, came rushing over, but the referee ordered him about his business. The linesman had reported that Browning had fouled the ball. No Airdrie man had claimed it, no one seemed to have seen it except the linesman, and Browning himself was unconscious of any act of infringement. It was hard cheese for Celts.

Celtic did lots of pressing in the second period. Gane went off with a damaged knee, Sunny Jim had a lovely shot which almost beat Brown, Airdrie were not often dangerous. Gane returned. Celtic continued to hammer for a stronger lead. The home goal ran several narrow escapes. Reid had a starring shot at the other end, Shaw saving sensationally. Celts were easily the better side in this half, and were worthy winners. Best for Celtic—M'Nair, Young, Johnston, Browning, M'Coll, and Gallacher. For Airdrie—Mackie, Rafferty, Reid, and Thomson.

HIBS HAMMER THE SAINTS.

Had the Paisley players kept up their opening form the chances are that a couple of points would have been placed to their credit at Easter Road.

Their front line moved very sweetly at the start, Rae and Page proving very troublesome to the Hibs' defence. The last-named player cleverly set up some smart work of his partner Sowerby by putting his side ahead, a lead they retained till the second half had started. O'Hagan meantime had been very busy, but shots of all kinds were treated with the utmost coolness.

Second half play saw Hibs a different lot, a determination in their play being apparent. Lennie throughout had been their most successful forward, and from him the equaliser came, although Hendren put the finishing touch to the move. St Mirren again got ahead, much to the surprise of Page, who tried a speculative shot from well out, which Allan failed to gather properly.

From this point Hibs held the upper hand, minor accidents to Sowerby, Page, Davidson, and Clark minimising the effectiveness of the Paisley side, who had the worst of the exchanges in collision with their opponents. O'Hagan was the hero of the game. His display was nearly perfect. Paisley's defence was sturdy, but occasionally at fault. Gray, Page, and Clark were clever, but Sowerby fell away after his accident.

Hibs' front line bore off the honours, Lennie, Hendren, and Smith being in fine form. Behind them, Kerr and Girdwood were always in the fray. Referee Mackenzie, it may be mentioned, made no mistake on this occasion, turning the players round at half-time.

CLYDE GO UNDER.

Clyde still play their home matches at Parkhead, but they have no luck there. The Thistle fairly jagged their defence, and won by three to one.

The run of the play, however, was not one-sided. Clyde were without Gilligan and M'Andrew, and the Thistle did without Bulloch. The game began with a Clyde burst, with Allan a top notcher in the front rank. He fed his wings in splendid fashion, and had some rare tries for goal. Clyde simply swamped the Thistle for the first quarter, and it was not until M'Tavish, who was late, made his appearance, that the Thistle were dangerous.

Clyde's defence played strongly, and resisted all attacks, until Gifford, with a fine effort, beat Collins in the corner, and squared a fine ball for Neil Harris to head through.

The Thistle were scarcely due the point, but their subsequent play was full value for their lead, which had a damping effect on the Clyde's play. Neil Harris, for Thistle, played a splendid game, and his first-time efforts at shooting were very good.

Allan, for Clyde, was not a whit behind, although Thomson made a good show. Farrell and Adams were the star artistes in the respective defences, although Willie Loney was great at half, and his goal in the second half was an eye-opener. Clyde looked like carrying all before them in the second half, but fell away after Welsh got disabled and retired. Paddy Allan tried to do the impossible against an irresistible defence. Thistle's head and half-back play demoralised the Bridgeton men, and when Neil Harris scored the third goal the game was practically over. Although M'Crae managed to score for Clyde on the call of time from a fine individual effort, Thistle deserved to win for the methods they adopted in forcing matters at the right time, although Clyde were very unfortunate at close quarters. The Clyde's best man were Farrell, Black, and Allan. Thistle were best supported by Campbell, Adams, Loney, and especially N. Harris.

HARD CHEESE FOR MORTON.

Morton were minus Stark. Falkirk had out a strong side. Play was spirited. The Bairns attacked first. M'Naught swung across a fine ball, and Gibbons made no bones about scoring. He jumped, and headed in, the ball striking the upright and glancing past Bradford. Morton did not find the going to their liking for a time, and Falkirk were generally the more aggressive side. A lot of play took place near Morton's goal, but the Greenock defence was quite sound. Gradually the visitors came more into the limelight, and lost one or two chances through over-anxiety. Robertson put the Bairns further ahead before the interval with a smart head shot.

Morton improved in the second period. They made the pace, and kept Falkirk's defence busy. The visitors' attack continued weak at finishing, and they could not get a goal. On the run of the game Morton were value for netting, and the Greenock side must be accounted unlucky in losing both points. They played a capital game, and specially in the second half, but the forwards messed many opportunities. The frozen ground seemed to rob them of confidence. Falkirk, it should be mentioned, were minus their regular goal-keeper. The outstanding players for the Bairns were—Orrock, M'Naught, and Glancy; and for Morton — Ferrier, Wright, and Seymour.

'ARTS TRIUMPH.

Hearts carried their usual side, and Queen's were in the comfortable position of fielding a stranger side, as Soldier Haydock and Elijah Cresswell were included in the team.

All the goals, and they numbered two, in the first half came off the fine work of Wilson. The first goal was a gem for smartness and execution. Wilson quietly beat a couple of defenders and parted to Gracie, who trapped and drove past Kerr at express speed. After this success Gordon Kerr was obliged to retire, and Wilson, who donned the white jersey, had to throw up the sponge to a pot-shot from Graham, and Hearts had a good lead at the interval.

As in the first half, so in the second, it was a case of Hearts pulling the strings, with Willie Wilson the leader up. He gave Graham the chance, and the crack forward of the day did the rest. Just to finish up a fine afternoon's work Wilson had the last goal. It was a counter all the way, and we watched Kerr being well beaten before the ball had found its billet.

QUEEN'S DISASTER.

This was after twenty-five minutes' play, when Queen's misfortunes came on. Gordon Kerr, who had been playing under difficulties, was carried off after Wilson's goal. Then Wilson, the Queen's back, took an undue advantage of Soldier Wilson on the other side, and he was despatched to the shelter, where he could cool his heels. It was a picnic for the Hearts thereafter, and the only redeeming feature was Allan Morton's spirited half-back play.

Hearts maintained their reputation as a class side, and carried no weaklings. Boyd was never really tested. Crossan and Currie were good and bad in turn. They are first-timers, however, and covered up nicely. Clear at all costs is their motto. While the halfs were good, commend me to Scott. Even Mercer could not have improved on his display, and that's saying a lot. Of a well-balanced forward line, Graham takes the certificate. Gracie was clean and clever, while not too anxious, and Wilson fairly came out of his shell in the latter portion of the game.

Gordon Kerr has no call for criticism. J. G. Wilson was Queen's best back. Allan Morton and Laidman were the best of a sorry lot of forwards. Morton was never played to, and Laidman's bursts were lost on a nippy defence. Welsh shone for Raith, as did Mountford, Swift, and Gibb for the Warriors.

KILLIE WELL BEATEN.

Kilmarnock disappointed at Pittodrie. The ground was very hard and slippery. Aberdeen began as if they were to carry all before them, but their chronic weakness manifested itself. They shot poorly. And Killie's defence stood up bravely. But the Dons continued to press, and their play improved in the danger zone. But nearly half an hour had gone ere they drew blood, M'Laughlan scoring from a free kick.

Killie's forwards made energetic efforts to break down the home defence. Often they were dangerous, but Calman and Co. were at serene. Cunningham had a chance, which he refused.

In the second period the Dons came out of their shell. The forwards shot as if they had never been good shots. Kilmarnock's defence got it stiff, and the visitors have to thank Blair for keeping down the scoring. He saved in great style, and added to his reputation. Cail got a second goal for the Dons, and Main brought the total up to three with a fine effort. The superiority of the winners was undoubted. Colman, Wylie, M'Lauchlan, Main, and Archibald were always prominent. Blair was the outstanding man for Killie, whose general play was below par.

AT DOUGLAS PARK AND IBROX.

Hamilton had a tough job with Dundee at Douglas Park, but in the end they won comfortably.

At the start Dundee were forced on the defensive, the "Accies" showing clever work in the open. Masterton was called upon early, Stewart giving him a sharp shot to hold. Then Dundee came into the eye with fine forcing work. The home halves were outwitted, and Adams got the ball out of the net, but a foul nullified the point. There was no scoring at the interval.

Play was dull. There were good individual touches, but generally considered the game never reached a first-class level. Stewart scored from a penalty given against Thomson for handling, and he scored again later on. Dundee did not deserve a two-goal defeat. Hogg played splendidly for Dundee, so did Montgomery. Paterson was best for the winners.

With the exception of a bad footing at Ibrox, everything pointed to an exciting game, and during the first half hour these expectations were realised. The Rangers were clever to get a grip of the game, and Reid's lucky and smartly-taken goal gave them the necessary confidence.

Motherwell were clever, but lacked the combination necessary to beat Rangers' strong defence. For the next half an hour nothing special was done, and the only exciting item was when Gordon emerged from the fog with the ball at his feet, and disappeared again towards Allan, a goal ensuing. In the last fifteen minutes the game could hardly be followed, and during that period Rangers had the matter all their own way, Bowie, Gordon, and Patterson each beating Allan in turn.

Rangers were strong in defence in the closing period. The attack fairly submerged the Motherwell defence.

AT AYR AND DUNFERMLINE.

Ayr United just managed to struggle through against Dumbarton. The homesters scored from a penalty soon after the start. Dumbarton were hemmed in. Richardson and M'Kenzie had great tries, which Hamilton saved. The Sons came away splendidly, and Travers equalised in neat fashion.

Play was the better of the argument in the second period. Dumbarton played a strong, defensive game, Hamilton saving some hot things. Corner after corner fell to the homesters. At last Richardson gave his side the lead, which they deserved thoroughly on play, but the Sons presented a very stubborn defence. Hamilton, M'Crory, and the halves shining. M'Laughlan, Dainty, and Nevin were Ayr's sheet anchor.

The Raith Rovers—Third Lanark game at Dunfermline was very spirited. The teams were very closely matched, and the excitement ran high all through. At one time Raith had the advantage, then it was Third Lanark. A draw was a fair reflex of the play in a game full of fire but lacking in the finer points of play. Neish, Morrison, Porter, and Welsh shone for Raith, as did Mountford, Swift, and Gibb for the Warriors.

WHAT HAPPENED IN SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH FOOTBALL

IS DEALT WITH CRITICALLY IN THESE COLUMNS.

RANGERS AGAIN CRY "NAP," AND WIN.

25 to-day! See another paragraph.

Is Fred Mitchell, of Giffnock Athletic, likely to "sign on" for a Glasgow League club?

Funny, isn't it, that Richardson should come into his own?

Davy Adams, late of the Celtic, is getting on—slowly. He only weighs 16 st. 8 lbs.

Will Gane tell me, in confidence, whether he thinks he will be with Airdrie next season?

Bolton Wanderers didn't score a "Boundary" yesterday. The Blades cut them off by 3-1.

Dundee's "ham and egg" team are doing better than the other who also get ham and eggs.

Sunderland went solo against Tottenham Hotspur. The Wearsiders got home and one over.

Dykehead are still there. It was owing to the fog. They are still in an "undecided semi-final."

Willie Orr fraternised with his pals at Broomfield yesterday. The famous ex-Celt is wearing extremely well.

Never mind about Kelly of the Isle of Man. He's dead. There's a Strathclyde chap, however, of the name who is very much alive.

"You are blind, referee," shouted a spectator at Hampden when Hearts got moving. "Watch the game"! How the chap could do that passes my comprehension.

All the talk among the players in their usual "howffs" yesterday in Glasgow was about the reduction of their wages.

In view of what Lord Kitchener said, isn't it strange to read this announcement—"Game abandoned." Owing to the fog no doubt!

What is going wrong with Oldham? Commanding a fine lead, they were almost "drowned" at Liverpool—it was raining!

Notts Forest fairly did it on poor Shrewsbury Town in the Cup ties. A difference of five goals tells a tale of attack—and defence.

Who is the outside right who is only 4 ft. 2 in.—and a bit!—who is being suggested as likely to throw in his lot with a First League club?

I am told now, not so much to keep my eye on Kelly of the Isle of Man, as Kelly of Hamilton. I must slip along one of these days.

St Johnstone did very well to share the points at Clydebank. The Perth club is keeping a respectable position in the Second League.

Be of good cheer, the Scottish Cup ties will go on. The difference in the vote will all depend upon our noble friend from the Hielan's.

Kilmarnock's "bonnets" were on the wrong way when they invaded Pittodrie yesterday. It was "a long, long way to go" to get no more than their guarantee.

Donald Colman turned out against Kilmarnock after his recent illness. He was the man upon whom many calls were made. It was one of Donald's best games. He met the ball in his own sweet style. That's all.

"Roy" Macdonald—Rob Roy, as Billy Hogg calls him—was quite certain, in his own mind, that Dundee would return victorious. They left by the earliest train home.

Willie Milne, the ex-Dundee centre forward, is thoroughly enjoying military life. He has just been writing to Will Longair telling him all about it. Revielle at 5.30. Ooch!

Hibs Saint Mirren to Paisley. Easter Road, 3; Love Street, 2. It was a good result.

They are happier up Aberdeen way to-night. "Every little," of course, "mak's a muckle."

All Dumbarton's "dum-drums" were in the Ayr at Somerset Park. "Not a word!" See it?

Some people are wondering if Tom Kelso will be seen in his usual place before the old year is out.

The efforts of the "Ducal" men at Douglas Park were "crowned" with success. Dundee abdicated.

Fred Martin, Raith Rovers' Dashing Pivot.

Blackpool are pulling away from the bottom of the ladder not so badly. They gave Fulham a fright yesterday.

It was high time Hibs won a match at home. Their supporters could hardly be expected to wait till "Easter."

Tommy Little, of Bradford, is not a big chap, but he was one of those who helped in the bombardment of Manchester City.

Bradford City's "Bantam" absolutely throttled the "Throstles." There was a kind of "Parade" in the "Valley." Fancy 5-0!

Some people think that Scott, Mercer's deputy, would make a good back. But who, of the two, can be dropped? That's the problem.

LEADING RESULTS.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

Aberdeen	3	Kilmarnock	0
Airdrieonians	0	Celtic	1
Ayr United	2	Dumbarton	1
Clyde	1	Partick Thistle	3
Hamilton Acas.	2	Dundee	0
Falkirk	2	Morton	0
Queen's Park	0	Hearts	3
Hibernian	3	St Mirren	2
Rangers	2	Motherwell	0
Raith Rovers	1	Third Lanark	1

Second Division.

Abercorn	x	Leith	x
Cowdenbeath	2	East Stirlingshire	1
Dundee Hibs.	6	Albion Rovers	1
Johnstone	2	Dochgeilly United	1
St Bernard	2	Dunfermline Athletic	1
Vale of Leven	4	Arthurlie	2
Clydebank	3	St Johnstone	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

Aston Villa	3	Manchester United	3
Bradford City	6	West Bromwich A.	0
Burnley	2	Sheffield Wednesday	3
Chelsea	2	Everton	0
Liverpool	2	Oldham Athletic	2
Manchester City	2	Bradford	3
Middlesbrough	1	Blackburn Rovers	4
Newcastle United	3	Notts County	1
Sheffield United	3	Bolton Wanderers	1
Tottenham Hotspur	0	Sunderland	6

Second Division.

Barnsley	2	Leeds City	1
Blackpool	2	Fulham	2
Bristol City	2	Birmingham	3
Huddersfield Town	5	Grimsby Town	1
Preston North End	3	Derby County	1
Wolverhampton Wan.	4	Stockport County	1

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Crystal Palace	2	O.P. Rangers	0
Cardiff City	5	Northampton	0
Exeter City	1	Southampton	2
Gillingham	0	Plymouth Argyll	0
Southend United	0	Millwall Athletic	0
Norwich City	0	West Ham United	0

F.A. CUP
Sixth Qualifying Round.

Goole Town	2	Chesterfield Town	0
Lincoln City	1	Nottingham City	0
Bromley	1	Luton Town	5
Croydon Common	4	Barnet and Alston	0
North Forest	6	Shrewsbury Town	1
Eccles Borough	2	Merthyr Town	4
Bristol Rovers	5	Boscombe	0
North Shields A.	3	South Shields	1
Glossop	5	Coventry City	1
Swansea Town	1	Leicester Fosse	0
Rochdale	2	Wakefield	0
London Caledonian	0	Darlington	1

SCOTTISH QUALIFYING CUP.
Undecided Semi-Final.

Galston	x	Dykehead	x

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Kilmarnock A.	2	Rangers A.	1
Dumbarton Harp	x	Ayr United A.	x
Morton A.	3	Third Lanark A.	1
Hearts A.	3	Falkirk A.	1
Motherwell A.	0	Raith Rovers A.	3

Joe Hendry, an Ibrox Favourite.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Dundee A.	4	Broxburn	0
East Fife	0	Armadale	1
Forfar Athletic	3	Stenhousemuir	1
Portobello	2	King's Park	1
Montrose	7	Clackmannan	2

GLASGOW RESERVE CUP.

Thirds A.	2	Q.P. Strollers	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.
Third Round Replay.

Larkhall Thistle	2	Benburb	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Ashfield	3	Rob Roy	1
Petershill	2	Bellshill Athletic	2
Cambuslang Rangers	4	Strathclyde	1
Parkhead	2	Glencairn	0
Marshall	3	Shettleston	0

Game abandoned.

M'Namee is making a name for himself.

Morton are not over 20 owt. after to-day. Falkirk fell upon them at Cappielow.

If Preston North End don't watch what they are doing, they will soon be at the other end.

I am told to keep an eye on Frank Reilly, of Falkirk, when the distribution of caps is being made. All right.

I think you will hear something about Manchester United soon. It's nothing very pleasant, I am sorry to say.

I don't like that Gordon, Purcell, Logan formation. No; it won't do. Never mind your laces; let your boots on it.

Say what you like, but Hearts will have to keep an eye on Celtic. The Parkhead men are creeping ahead in their same old way.

Tottenham do not seem to have had their "Spurs" on when they visited Roker. What a slapping! Sunderland, 6; Tottenham, 0.

Notts started counting at Newcastle. They haven't got further than 1-0 yet, however. How awful it must be to live on the ground floor.

Partick partook of all that was going in their clash with Clyde. A point in the locker is worth two in the immediate hereafter.

Rangers did not take Motherwell very seriously. They seemed to regard their meeting as a sort of December picnic. What "fir," I dinna ken.

It was a question of "Hyde" and seek when Manchester City and Bradford met yesterday. Bradford went up the "Avenue" and got the points.

The homesters had it yesterday in Scotland 19 to 12. In England it was 20 to 23. Blackburn Rovers and Sunderland contributed ten to the away record.

Isn't it strange Bradford City and Bradford are so closely "allied"? There's only a point or two between them. There will be more later, of course.

The most disappointing team of the season is Motherwell. They have made a sad mess of things. They know it themselves. The cause? Ah! There's the rub!

That victory of Bradford over Manchester City must have been very sweet to Tom Maley. He still remembers, however, the happy days he had at Hyde Road.

There are thousands of Rangers' supporters who would willingly forfeit their season-tickets if only Billy Hogg was back again at Ibrox. He is playing better than ever just now.

Dawson, M'Lean, and Philip were among the goals yesterday. Glad to hear the lads are still in the "van." They wouldn't mind if they could get home at New Year time.

Aberdeen did not half set about the men of "Cannet" fame. All the "Kill" was on the one side. Aberdeen 3, Kilmarnock 0. The Ayrshire men, however, enjoyed the trip.

Why did Applegarth refuse the invitation to compete in the Powderhall handicap? Donaldson is to toe the line. Perhaps the "Poly" boy has particular reasons of his own.

They were in great form these Scottish chaps of ours at Chelsea yesterday. They didn't knock Everton about, but the "Toffee" men left with something to think about. Fact!

All the Forfarshire teams won yesterday bar Dundee. At Montrose they put up a score which is very near a record when they beat Clackmannan by 7-2. If the bellringer had been at hand they would have called him out.

When I told the editor-in-chief that I didn't want my "train" of thought to be disturbed in my consideration of the Hamilton Accies v. Dundee match, do you know what he said?—Shunt!

Dundee will have to play two matches in two days next week. They are due at Cathkin on Friday, and the Hibs tackle them on the following day. Merry kind of Christmas, isn't it?

Middlesbrough were evidently not "at home"—and yet they were!—when Blackburn Rovers gave them a visit. The Rovers robbed them of a couple of points, and left a debit balance of four goals.

I saw Arthur Murray, ex-Queen's Park, Arbroath, and Aberdeen player, at Hampden. He was quite certain the Amateurs would spring a surprise. His Heart's broken. Meet you later, Arthur!

Leeds City will have to consider their position seriously. What a club it would be were successes to attend its efforts to reach the "region" where many clubs in the "upper storey" would like it to be?

Yes, Jimmy Muir, late of Aberdeen, who, "on his own," defeated Dundee in that memorable Cup tie at Hampden, is now a Cameron Highlander. What a player he would have been but for that accident!

Dundee Hibs are consoling themselves with the fact that they only scored six goals against Albion Rovers. Our friend, Pat Reilly, would have been better pleased, I believe, if they had been sixty pound at the gate. Cash counts.

You may not know it, but were Logan, M'Lay, and Wallace, of Raith Rovers, standing beside you, you would at once confirm this fact that they are over 6 ft. They can't help it, of course. I'll be talked to next visit to Stark's Park.

You will hear a few words said—and, doubtless, you have already heard a few—about that goal which Alick Jackson chalked off in the Airdrie v. Celtic match. The linesman got his oar in, and there was a r—oar which might have been heard at Parkhead.

You can pretty well estimate the crowd at Hampden when we in the press box heard the echo when there was anything doing. One or two had gathered together, but many of the "half-timers" turned back when they heard the score at the interval.

Johnny M'Dowall was looking quite fresh at Hampden after the "drousy" meeting on Tuesday. He is looking forward to something definite on Tuesday first. To meet, only to meet again is not his idea of doing business, I am sure. A thinking man is J.K.

ENGLISH LEAGUE
First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Oldham Athletic	17	11	2	4	41	26	26
Manchester City	17	9	5	3	24	16	23
Blackburn Rovers	18	10	6	2	33	23	22
Sheffield Wednesday	18	9	4	5	35	24	23
Everton	18	9	5	4	38	19	22
Bradford City	18	8	4	6	38	25	22
Bradford	17	9	7	1	27	20	19
Aston Villa	17	7	6	5	31	31	19
West Bromwich A.	17	7	6	5	27	31	19
Sheffield United	17	6	6	5	22	20	17
Sunderland	17	8	8	1	33	36	17
Burnley	17	6	7	4	28	25	16
Middlesbrough	17	4	5	8	22	27	16
Newcastle United	18	5	8	5	22	21	15
Chelsea	17	4	7	6	25	29	14
Bolton Wanderers	19	6	11	2	27	37	14
Liverpool	18	4	9	5	28	42	13
Tottenham Hotspur	16	4	10	4	24	47	12
Manchester United	17	3	9	5	20	31	11
Notts County	17	2	9	6	16	29	10

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Derby County	17	12	3	2	36	12	26
Huddersfield Town	18	10	4	4	32	15	24
Preston North End	18	8	5	5	24	22	21
Barnsley	17	9	6	2	20	25	20
Birmingham	17	8	6	3	25	18	19
The Arsenal	18	8	6	4	32	25	19
Fulham	17	8	7	3	29	23	19
Wolverhampton	17	8	7	3	31	25	19
Bury	16	8	6	3	30	25	18
Bristol City	17	7	6	4	31	25	18
Hull City	18	6	9	3	25	31	15
Grimsby Town	18	6	8	4	18	21	17
Clapton Orient	17	7	8	2	19	20	16
Stockport County	17	6	8	3	20	23	15
Lincoln City	17	6	8	3	20	23	15
Notts Forest	18	5	8	5	24	32	15
Leeds City	18	5	9	4	30	29	14
Blackpool	17	5	10	2	17	30	12
Leicester Fosse	17	4	11	2	17	38	10
Glossop	17	3	11	3	16	35	9

BRADFORD CLUBS CARVING THEIR WAY UP.

EVERTON'S HARD KNOCK FROM CHELSEA.

DERBY COUNTY MAKING STRAIGHT FOR PROMOTION

Oldham Athletic go to the top again with a fine away win.

The Bradford clubs are doing the heavy. City went nap against the Throstles.

Park Avenue brought off perhaps the finest performance of the day. Bradford, 3; Manchester City, 2, at Hyde Road, was a triumph indeed.

Middlesbrough go from bad to worse, and Everton's breakdown at Chelsea was surprising.

Sunderland redeemed past failures by a thumping win over the Spurs. At White Hart Lane Aston Villa are not the side they were, and Newcastle failed to make good at home against the lowly Notts County.

Derby County look like going straight for promotion.

Bradford City, 5 W. Brom. A., 0

At Valley Parade in dull weather before 12,000 spectators. The home team took the lead in ten minutes, M'Donald scoring after good work by Shepherd. The Albion forwards played up badly but play generally was poor. The heavy turf handicapped the players. Fox added another goal after Pearson had partially saved from Marshall. Swift should have scored easily from a pass by Morris. Interval—Bradford City, 2; West Bromwich Albion, 0.

The Albion forwards played up much better after the interval, but they were met with a stout defence, the home backs, Campbell and Boocock, excelling. Then Shepherd scored three goals in five minutes, all by clever shooting. Bond making openings for two of the goals. Shepherd missed an easy chance of adding a fourth. The Albion were better than the score suggests, but their forwards finished badly.

Newcastle U., 1 Notts County, 1

At Newcastle in fine weather, before 10,000 spectators, most of them in uniform. The ground was to the soft side. Early in the game the United made a hot attack on the visitors' goal, and Notts were lucky to escape. United played with great spirit, exerting considerable pressure, and after thirty-three minutes Hibbert found the goal from Hales' pass. The Newcastle halves and backs played exceptionally well. Interval — Newcastle, 1; Notts County 0.

Hibbert headed just over the bar immediately after resuming, and was afterwards prominent. A fine pass by Goodwill spoiled a promising move. Lamb foozled the ball badly, but was compensated by equalising twenty minutes after the restart from Waterall's accurate centre. Notts made sudden bursts, but Lawrence was alert and capable. Some lovely shots from Newcastola were charged down. Notts were lucky in drawing an interesting game.

Burnley, - - 2 Sheffield W., 3

At Turf Moor, Burnley, before 6000 spectators, in fine weather, and on a good surface. Burnley, without Boyle, were pressed. Within ten minutes M'Lean scored twice for Sheffield. Burnley showed some nice play, but the Sheffield defence was alert and stubborn. Just before the interval M'Lean added a third for Sheffield, and Hodgson scored for Burnley. Interval—Sheffield, 3; Burnley, 1.

The second moiety opened very promisingly for Burnley, who experienced hard lines, a shot rebounding from the crossbar. Thick mist soon crept over the field, obscuring the light. The game fluctuated rapidly, long shots being tried at both ends. After twenty-five minutes, from a corner, Lendley scored for Burnley, who made desperate efforts to equalise, but Sheffield put up too strong a game. The game ended in semi-darkness.

Chelsea, - - 2 Everton, - - 0

At Chelsea in cold, boisterous weather. Rain fell in torrents until just before the match, making the ground soft, and rendering the play scrappy. The attendance was barely 8000. Everton were at full strength, but Chelsea were without Halse, Harrow, and Marshall. Everton showed fine form to begin with, but after twenty-one minutes Freeman scored for Chelsea, the ball going in off Galt. After that Chelsea played splendidly under difficult conditions, deserving the interval lead. Half-time—Chelsea, 1; Everton, 0.

Everton began the second half with a strong attack, Harrison, after a neat dribble, getting in a splendid shot, which Molyneux had great difficulty in clearing. In another attack the Everton forwards had three shots charged down, while Parker twice sent wide. All this time Logan played a magnificent game. Chelsea improved again, the forwards often getting away, but the shooting was difficult with the heavy ball. Freeman scored again after thirty-seven minutes from M'Neill's centre.

Sheffield U., 3 Bolton W., 1

In wretched weather; before 4000 spectators. The ground was heavy. Sheffield went straight off, Masterman scoring in the first minute. They were on the offensive. After good combination, Kitchen added a second. Wanderers then made a prolonged attack, Gough clearing finely on three occasions. The Bolton were having a share of the game. Masterman succeeded in placing Sheffield further ahead. Interesting exchanges followed up to the interval. Half-time:—Sheffield United, 3; Bolton Wanderers, 0.

Play in the opening stages of the second half favoured Wanderers, and after capital work by the forwards Hilton scored with a shot just under the bar. Sheffield now had a turn, Sidlow having to save a wonderful shot from Masterman. Sheffield then pressed almost continuously, but the visitors' defence played finely, and managed to keep the score down, though the United once netted when the whistle had gone for a foul. United ran out winners deservedly.

Tottenham H., 0 Sunderland, - 6

Following a thunderstorm and heavy rain, Tottenham Ground was terribly muddy. Five thousand were present. Play was good in the circumstances, the visitors doing specially well. After a centre by Martin had been headed out, Philip shot to score in fifteen minutes, and after a similar period Martin with a great shot increased Sunderland's lead, a dribble and pass by Buchan making the opening. Hotspur attacked unsuccessfully. Half-time—Sunderland, 2; Tottenham Hotspur, 0.

Early in the second half Hotspur forced a dangerous attack, but only a corner resulted, and two brilliant pieces of work by Walden caused Scott to handle. When hard pressed Joyce fell with three men on top of him, Collins clearing. In twenty-five minutes Best, unopposed in front of the posts, cleverly utilised a chance opening to beat Joyce. Thomson was prominent in the Sunderland defence. Best scored again, Buchan securing a fifth and Philip a sixth.

Manchester C., 2 Bradford, - - 3

Rain fell heavily, and conditions generally were vile. Five thousand spectators were present. In the home team Cartwright and Lot Jones took the places of Ganghan and Browell. The visitors played Crozier instead of Jobey. The game was fast. Thirty minutes from the start Howard scored for City with a crashing shot. Five minutes later Little equalised. There was very little between the teams after this. Half-time—City, 1; Bradford, 1.

The game was continued in the presence of 10,000 spectators. Sleet added to the wretched weather conditions. Four minutes after the resumption Kirkby added to the visitors' score. Owing to the mushy ground the players had difficulty in keeping their feet. City equalised through Taylor deflecting a fine centre by Cartwright. Little scored again for Bradford two minutes from the close, and the visitors gained a well-earned victory.

Liverpool, - 1 Oldham Ath., 2

At Anfield in dull, wet weather, before 10,000 spectators. Liverpool played Bartrop for Sheldon, but Oldham had a full side. In the first few minutes Kemp scored for the visitors. Play was keen, and both sides indulged in long range shooting, without effect. Liverpool improved, but their mark in front of goal was weak, several fine openings being missed. Half-time result—Oldham, 1; Liverpool, 1.

Play was more open when a resumption was made, though neither keeper was unduly tested. The Liverpool forwards lacked skill in passing, but the heavy ground proved severe. Heap and Nichol shot over the bar, and Miller narrowly missed. Keeping up

D CLUBS EIR WAY UP.

OCK FROM CHELSEA.

TRAIGHT FOR PROMOTION

tested. The Liverpool forwards lacked skill in passing, but the heavy ground proved severe. Heap and Nichol shot over the bar, and Miller narrowly missed. Keeping up the pressure, Pagnam equalised from Lacey's centre. The game continued to be keenly contested. Oldham attacked desperately, and Pilkington scored their second goal just before the finish.

Aston Villa, - 3 Manchester U., 3

Before 10,000 on heavy ground. Villa won the toss. Lyons miskicked and Anderson ran through and scored in two minutes. Twelve minutes later, from a corner, Norton added a second goal. The Villa pressed hotly, and several times nearly scored. After thirty minutes Stephenson centred, and Edgeley scored at a second attempt. Both ends survived rapid attacks. Half-time—Aston Villa, 1; Manchester United, 2.

Resuming, Villa attacked, and eight minutes from the restart Hampton equalised, heading through from a corner. The Villa continued to be aggressive, and at length Hampton gave them the lead. The United replied strongly, and close on time West equalised. Villa made a desperate effort to regain the lead, but failed.

Middlesbro', 1 Blackburn R., 4

At Middlesbro' in fine weather, before 10,000 spectators, and on a soft ground. Middlesbro' had Hisbent and H. Cook for Haworth and Elliott, while the Rovers played their usual side. It was a fine exciting game. Davies saved brilliantly from all the Rovers' forwards, and Carr missed an excellent opening for Middlesbro'. Tinsley scored a splendid goal after half an hour, and Middlesbro' had two cases of hands near goal disallowed. Interval —Middlesbro', 1; Blackburn Rovers, nil.

The second half was keen, and both goalkeepers saved cleverly before Latheron equalised easily with ten minutes gone. Carr went close, but then came a great five minutes, in which the Rovers scored three fine goals. Dawson got the first, Latheron deftly hocked the second, and Dawson scored the other. The Middlesbrough defence was absolutely overwhelmed, and Rovers missed several good chances later.

SECOND DIVISION.

Barnsley, - 2 Leeds C., - 1

Less than 3000 people saw a remarkably clever game considering the vile conditions. Sleet turning the pitch into a quagmire. Sharp scored for the City after four minutes, but Musgrave equalised with a long, low shot. In the second half Barnsley attacked well, and Lees scored. Donkin nearly added to the lead, and in the closing stages the game was keenly fought, the City nearly equalising.

Blackpool, - 2 Fulham, - - 2

At Blackpool in dull, wet weather, and on very treacherous ground. Blackpool had Charles in place of Appleton, and Fulham had several changes, Bellamy and Lee being absentees. Fulham, who had the wind in the first half, were the more-finished team. Place scored after eight minutes, following a grand run by Taylor, and added a second from a corner. Blackpool made a grand recovery, and in the last ten minutes Lane and Green scored.

Bristol City, 2 Birmingham, 3

At Bristol before 4000 spectators in stormy weather. Birmingham were the smarter team in the first half, Bristol being below themselves. First Barlow and then A. W. Smith scored with fast shots inside the post, and Gibson, when close in, added a third. Blake, City's reserve goalkeeper, failing to hold the ball. In the second half City had all the play, and Harris and Nicholson scored.

Hudd'rsf'ld T., 3 Grimsby T., - 1

At Huddersfield in wet weather before 4000 spectators. Mutch being on the injured list, Davies appeared in goal for Huddersfield, and Jee returned to the outside left position. Islip gave Huddersfield the lead after eleven minutes, and put in a centre, from which Cook added another eight minutes later. Soon after the interval Islip increased the Huddersfield lead, but Scott scored for Grimsby in the next minute. Grimsby played finely to the finish, but failed to score again.

Preston N.E., 1 Derby County, 3

At Preston in bad weather before 8000 spectators. North End opened well, but missed openings, whereas Benfield scored in Derby's first attack after Newton saved on the ground. Eadie was ordered off for kicking Toward, but Lawrence kept a great goal, and prevented Preston drawing level until just on the interval, when Grant scored. North End pressed in the second half, but Leonard and Grimes scored magnificently.

W'v'rh'mt'n W.4 Stockport Co., 1

Played at Molineux Grounds on a soft turf, before 6000 spectators. Stockport opened the better team, but Wolves soon secured the major portion of play, scoring through Richards from Harrison's pass. Two minutes after the interval Rogers scored for Stockport. Richards added Wanderers' second. Richards put Wolves further ahead. Right to the finish Wolverhampton were complete masters of the game.

I must keep hammering away at the old anvil. Why is Alick "Smith" viewing the games at Ibrox—and elsewhere!—from the pavilion?

Newcastle United wanted to "loos" up Notts County, but they couldn't. A draw wasn't good enough for the St James' men. What do you think?

A visit of Andrew Carnegie to Dunfermline yesterday would have been welcomed by both Raith Rovers and Third Lanark if he had brought his bank book with him. The "gate" was disappointingly small. This was Raith's first experience of the severity of the sentence which was passed upon them.

The oftener I go to see Queen's Park the oftener do I wonder why it is that the supporters of what is regarded as the premier club are so unreserved in their criticism of the opposition. It was obvious to anybody yesterday that the Hearts were simply toying with the Amateurs. 4-0! It might have been anything, but the appreciation of the Tynecastle play was conspicuous by its absence.

PANTO SONGS EVERYBODY WILL BE SINGING.

You will find in the "Saturday Post," on sale Thursday first, the chorus, words and music of the great Pantomime hit.

YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE,

And choruses of other favourites in this season's pantomime.

Remember this grand feature appears in

SATURDAY POST.

ON SALE THURSDAY—PRICE ONE PENNY.

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart,

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick cleverly dodges shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick ultimately arrives in Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes, and discovers that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum.

By adopting a clever ruse Dick succeeds in getting his sweetheart out of the toils of the asylum doctor, who was plotting, along with the Gaylors and Baumeister, to get a large sum of money from Ellice's father for her release.

Dick learns of the pitiful plight of a young English couple—Mr and Mrs Dayre—who had been arrested on their honeymoon. Mrs Dayre is sentenced to be shot as a spy, but Dick brings about her release and escape from Berlin in company of a trainload of Americans being sent off by Mr Carton, of the American Embassy.

Dick afterwards goes to see the interned Britishers and succeeds in bribing the sentry. While he is speaking to Edward Dayre the Kaiser appears on the scene, and Dick boldly approaches him, much to the disgust of the German officials. Posing as an American journalist, Dick obtains the Kaiser's signature to a paper allowing Edward Dayre to leave Berlin.

At the last minute, however, Dick is tricked by Baumeister, and is bundled into the same carriage as Dayre. At the same time one of the soldiers guarding the carriage hands Dick a paper, in which Baumeister says—"Enterprising journalists who obtain the Emperor's signature are too dangerous," and Dick is to be conducted to the Dutch frontier.

"My God! I've left Ellice behind in Berlin! I must get back somehow. I must!" says Dick as he reads the note.

The Bribe.

"THE doors on either side are locked," said one of the German soldiers in quite good English, "and you can't get through the window, so you may as well keep quiet. Otherwise we have our instructions to shoot both of you. You have no weapons; why, then, trouble to make a disturbance?"

"You speak English very well, my friend," said Dick, trying to keep calm, and pulling himself together as well as he could. "You've been in Britain, I suppose?"

"Yes; I was a barber in the Strand."

"Oh, were you indeed? How interesting! Yes, all right, we'll sit quiet."

Dick spoke dejectedly, as if he were down in the mouth at the turn things had taken, but really he was trying to keep up his spirits and to fashion out some means of escape. For ringing through his brain with horrible insistency was the thought that he had left Ellice behind, and that Baumeister had got the better of him.

He had no weapons with him. The little pistol he had given to Ellice; even the stupefying powder which he had used so successfully at the jail he had not with him. And even supposing he did escape he would have to go back to Berlin as Mr John Hooston, the American journalist.

Baumeister had his suspicions; that was bad. And Dick wondered whether he had been too clever, too funny with his letters.

But it was no use wondering about things now. What had to be done was to face the present, for rattle, rattle, rattle, on went the train, bearing him ever further away from Berlin and from Ellice.

"I say, I'm—I'm awfully sorry," said Dayre, leaning forward. "I'm afraid I've been the means of getting you into this bother."

Dick winked at him with the eye furthest away from the soldier who was sitting next to him, as much as to say, "Don't talk too much," and then began to reply to Dayre in French, only to feel the butt-end of the soldier's gun dropped on to his foot rather heavily.

"Speak English—English or German. I have my orders."

And the soldier touched his rifle barrel rather ominously.

"Oh, yes, I'll talk German," said Dick, a sudden idea springing into his mind. "How would you like to earn a thousand pounds each, I mean. Supposing I were to say to you two, 'Let me escape, and you shall have a thousand pounds each,' what would you say?"

"I should say," replied the soldier slowly, turning and looking intently at Dick, the other soldier also listening earnestly. "I should say, 'When and where are we to get the thousand pounds each? How could we let you escape, and what would become of us if we did? We should be shot.' Those are a few of the questions I should like to ask."

"And in reply to those questions," said Dick very slowly, for his powers of invention were being taxed to the utmost, "I should tell you that I should send to London for the two thousand pounds, and that they would then be handed to my friends who helped me to escape, the escape to be arranged at any time and place they suggested. What would answer satisfy?"

"I'm afraid not," was the reply. "How could we be sure that the two thousand pounds would be paid to us, and how would it be paid? That is a point on which we should like information."

Dick felt a little glow of hope running through him. These men were asking questions; they were liable to be tempted. So he spoke openly.

"There's only one earthly chance of your getting it, and that is for you both to desert over into Holland. You could never get paid here in Germany, that's certain. I'll tell you exactly what my idea is. You must both of you desert over the frontier into Holland. We could manage some civilian clothes and all that sort of thing, eh? When are you supposed to return to Berlin?"

"By the first train in the morning that it's possible for us to catch."

"All right then, you must just miss that train. Come over with us into Holland when we've got you nicely stripped of your beautiful uniform; I'll send my friend here to London, and I'll stop with you all the time until he brings back two thousand pounds in English gold, one thousand pounds for each of you. Now, does that answer your questions satisfactorily?"

"That is quite good," said the English-speaking soldier. "We shall go with you, and if the two thousand pounds doesn't come, well, then, we shall know what to do. We shall probably kill you somehow or another."

After that there was little more said by the soldier, who, however, explained in German to his comrade what had been suggested.

"Yes, that is good," said the other, looking straight at Dick. "One thousand pounds each, and if there is no one thousand pounds each then we shall kill you. Good, then, that is settled. Now there must be no more talking."

And the two stolid soldiers who had agreed to sell their conscience for a bribe of gold relapsed into silence, sitting bolt upright and keeping their whole attention fixed on the two Britons. Discipline above all; discipline! They might be selling their employers, the German nation, but until they were safely away over the Dutch frontier discipline must, of course, be maintained.

"Once in Holland," Dick explained to Dayre, "you'll be able to get across to Britain quickly and safely. And once you are there I will ask you to go to Mr Remington, tell him exactly what has happened, and I think then he will provide the two thousand pounds in gold. In fact, I am sure he will. You'll tell him that I haven't got a chequebook with me, but that I'll pay him back all right." Dick smiled. "And, above all, tell him that his daughter is safe and well."

Oh, God, if she shouldn't be, thought Dick to himself. She ought to be at home safe with her father. To think that I was fool enough to let myself be trapped and leave her behind in Berlin. But out from Berlin she shall go when I get back, for back there I am going.

"You understand, then?" he went on, speaking aloud to Dayre. "These gentlemen here won't lose sight of me until they get their money in gold so I am afraid I shall have to ask you to come back with it. But first of all we've got to get them across into Holland. I must try and think out some way of doing that. Civilian clothes will be necessary. Any German soldiers stepping across the border would, of course, be captured by the Dutch, and interned for the rest of the war. Yes, that wants thinking over."

He turned to the soldier.

"How long shall we be before we get to the frontier?" he asked.

"It will be twelve hours, for on account of the war we can't go as quickly as usual."

"Oh, well, there'll be plenty of time for a nap. By the way, though, do we stop anywhere to get anything to eat? We shall soon be jolly hungry."

The German's eyes glittered at the idea of something to eat. He and his comrade had been suddenly called out from their squad at the railway station, thrust into the carriage to go a long journey, and with them they had nothing. Nothing to eat! To a German soldier nothing hardly in all catastrophe could be greater.

"Something to eat! Food and drink!" he said as his tongue unconsciously licked his lips. "That would be possible if one had money, for then it would be possible to stop the train where one could obtain food. Yes, it would be possible with money."

Dick put his hand in his pocket, and to his horror found that it was empty. He remembered then that he had given all his money, with what the others had also, to Dayre.

"You've got some money, haven't you, Dayre?" he said. "Yes, of course!"

Dick turned to the soldier again.

"See, my friend here has money, so it will be quite possible to buy food. Sausages and bread and cheese and pickles and coffee! Oh, yes, and some cigars. Oh, yes, with money all things are possible, as you justly observe, my friend. We'll have a little feast together, the four of us, and we'll make the journey a pleasant one."

As he spoke Dick with the eye furthest from the soldier was winking at Dayre as if to suggest that there was something at the back of his words.

"Where shall we stop then, my friend?" continued Dick.

"Ha! we stop at Hanstangel there is a very good refreshment room there. I remember it when I was a soldier there. Ah, the Schnitzel there, the Vienna Schnitzel! Ah, it was beautiful! On the Sunday I would always eat it twice. Yes, we will stop at Hanstangel."

"How can you manage that? How can you stop the train?"

"Oh, it is easy. I am in command here." The German swelled his chest. "I am a soldier. If I pull the cord and tell the engine-driver to stop, he stops, for I am a soldier."

"Excellent! Excellent! Then Hanstangel it shall be. About what time shall we get there?"

"At about three in the morning. Ah, that is a long time to wait."

"Yes, but the longer you wait the more hungry you will be and the more you'll be able to eat," said Dick.

The soldier nodded.

"There's truth in that," he said. "Oh, but I could eat a Schnitzel now!"

"Well, have a cigar instead. That'll keep you going for a bit. And we'll have a nap."

Dick gave each of the soldiers a cigar, and then he leant back in his corner and shut his eyes, wondering, wondering, wondering. He was not going over into any frontier into Holland, that was certain, for once he was over there it would be almost impossible to get back into Germany again, he knew that. If only he could persuade these two soldiers to allow him to escape—say at Hanstangel—then somehow or another surely he could manage to worm his way back to Berlin.

A Game of Spoof.

Dick, of course, never had any idea of going into Holland with the soldiers. That had been just a try-on on his part to see if these men were open to be bribed. Perhaps he could persuade them to let both him and Dayre escape. Dayre was a plucky fellow. He might be of some use later on. But, then, was it likely that the soldiers would let them go until they had three thousand pounds each paid in gold? Oh dear, no! Oh, it was all a tangle, thought Dick, vexedly.

Dayre could get to London, could see Mr Remington, could bring back the two thousand pounds, but what was to become of Dick all that while? Was he to be kept a prisoner just over the Dutch frontier under the surveillance of these two subordinate soldiers? Was he to stop there for goodness knows how long while possibly all sorts of things might be happening to Ellice? Oh, no, that would never do! Oh, what a fool he had been! He was not so clever as he thought he was.

And again Dick's thoughts were those of self-reproach, of fear almost—not fear for himself, but for the loved one he had left behind.

So he sat there thinking, thinking, thinking, his brain too active to allow him to sleep. If only those two soldiers there would sleep, then he and Dayre would surely be a match for them. No, even though they were obliged to break off those bonds for ever, discipline still held those two soldiers bolt upright with stiff backs; their rifles, with the bayonets attached, still between their knees, their eyes fixed, they still kept watch and ward over the two men they had been told to guard.

Dayre slept, but Dick still lay back in his corner, his eyes shut indeed, but still far from sleep trying to think out a plan of escape. And still on, on, on rattled the train through the dark night, bearing him further and further away from Berlin and from Ellice.

At about three o'clock in the morning the soldier had said Hanstangel would be reached. Why, then, they would be but a few hours from the Dutch frontier, and he would be many, many miles away from Berlin! And there was Dayre to be considered, too! He couldn't leave his friend in the lurch. If he, Dick, were to escape by himself the two soldiers would probably bayonet Dayre or kill him in some other way. Oh, was there ever such a mess, such a tangle, such a muddle!

Dick looked at his watch. It was now a quarter-past eleven—a long time yet till they got to Hanstangel.

And then suddenly an idea—a brilliant idea—almost blinding in its brilliance, in fact, occurred to Dick, and yet it was so simple that he almost laughed aloud. Why was he wondering and bothering about it all when in his pocket he had the means of deliverance safe at hand?

He sat bolt upright, looked at his watch again rather ostentatiously, and at length, when it was drawing near to a quarter to twelve he tapped his soldier friend next to him on the knee and spoke confidentially to him.

"Of what state are you?" he asked. "Bavaria, I think, isn't it?"

For Dick had noticed the peculiar accent with which the soldier had spoken, and with his wide knowledge of the country he had realised at once that this man was from Southern Germany—in fact, he felt sure he came from Bavaria. Now, Bavarians are not particularly fond of the Prussians. In times of peace Bavaria is under its own ruler, as are all the other German States, but in wartime the Bavarian has to serve the Kaiser, who is also King of Prussia, so between Bavaria and Prussia there is really no love lost. And as Dick spoke to the soldier his language was that of the Southern German, a dialect which is as different to that of Northern Germany as the Lancashire speech is from that of the London Cockney.

Dick spoke the Bavarian dialect with that wonderful fluency and accuracy that comes with a gift for languages which has been strengthened by a residence in the district where that dialect is spoken. It might, indeed, have been a Bavarian speaking to a Bavarian.

The soldier turned and looked at him, literally gasping with astonishment. Then he, too, spoke.

"But I thought you were British—a Britisher speaking German?" he said. "And now you speak to me like a Bavarian in my own language! What, then, does this mean? Have you got a turnip in the head?"

Now, the expression "a turnip in the head" is a purely local Bavarian one, meaning "Are you mad?" Fortunately Dick knew it, otherwise he would have been trapped, but as it was he answered quickly and fluently.

"It is all part of the great game," he went on. "Baumeister is mistrusted. You think he is in command, you think he is chief, but he is not. It is I—I who am the principal." Dick touched his chest. "Baumeister is a Prussian; he hates me. I am a Bavarian; I hate him. I am laying a trap for Baumeister. It will soon be Baumeister down there." Dick pointed to the floor. "And a Bavarian right up there at the top. I am on secret service, in obedience to His Most Gracious Majesty's own commands. Baumeister knows nothing of me. He doesn't even know really who I am. He thought he was arresting a dangerous spy, while all the time in my pocket—ah, how I laughed to myself—I have the Imperial authority. See here, here is the Emperor's own signature."

Dick pulled his notebook out of his pocket.

"See, allow this gentleman and this lady to go through," he said. "There is no lady here now, but I may have need of this later on. See, there, you know the signature, Wilhelm. Now you understand who I am; someone of importance, eh?"

Dick spoke in the quaint, sing-song Bavarian dialect, using words which the simple soldier thought no one but a Bavarian would have known, but all the while that simple soldier's brain was muddled with very unpleasant feelings. This man, this strange man, had shown him the Imperial signature written evidently with his Imperial Master's own hand. No one would dream of imitating that. Was not the signature familiar on every wall and hoarding? Yes, this man must be a trusted servant of the Kaiser, and these Secret Service people—one never knew; their ways were strange, devious ways beyond a simple soldier's understanding.

Oh, yes; in a bemused, bewildered way in that thick head the predominant feeling of all was one of fear. This strange man, this brother Bavarian who could speak English and ordinary German as well, had attempted to bribe him and his comrade with money if they would allow him and his friend to escape; and he, a soldier, had let it be known that the bribe would be accepted!

A cold sweat broke out all over the unfortunate man. It was a trap. Doubtless it was a trap laid for him in order to try and test his honesty. Well, the only end to it would be that when they had finished their journey there would be a couple of broad backs against a wall, a file of soldiers, and a nameless grave, with over it, perhaps, the one word "Traitor."

All this time Dick had been watching the soldier intently. He could see that he was troubled and disturbed, and that was just what Dick wanted. He wanted to create a moral effect. He was going to frighten this man out of his life—frighten him into obedience. The way of escape was now quite clear.

"You understand then," went on Dick, "that I am—well, what I am, and you, my good friend," again came the touch on the knee, this time rather ominous, "are a Bavarian and—what shall I call you besides? A traitor? A traitor who would take a bribe to allow a prisoner to escape, eh? A Bavarian to do such a thing! Oh, shame, shame! Just tell your comrade to look out of the window. He watches us too closely; he may overhear something."

The soldier shouted something to his subordinate, and then turned again to Dick with an agonised face.

"It was because I hate the Prussians so," he said. "I wanted to get away from them. I wanted to get away from the army. My comrade over there, pah, he is only a greedy pig; he would do anything for money. Oh, forgive me, forgive me, but don't let anyone know of this! Oh, sir, I beg of you, of you, my compatriot, to forgive me! I didn't know, I didn't know!"

"It would be my duty, of course, to have you both arrested at the very first opportunity," and, oh! how his heart sang with joy, for he had conquered, he had won; "but—well, as a fellow-Bavarian my heart is soft towards you. Now, you know this journey well?"

"I have travelled it many times, many times. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!" was the broken reply, half-sobbing.

"Well, all right then, never mind about that now! You must do just as I tell you or it may be the worse for you, for my arm is long, you know. Now, listen! You'll stop the train at the first station we come to, after which you will conduct this gentleman here to the frontier and allow him to go, and then you'll return to Berlin according to your original instructions. You will not say that I have escaped; you will simply say that you carried out your original orders implicitly. The engine-driver need know nothing, of course. Now I know or care whether there was one prisoner or two, for he will be busy attending to his engine. If you do this, my friend, perhaps I may forget that little lapse of yours and your comrade. You will tell him this when I am gone. Had you not been a Bavarian, well——"

An expressive shrug of the shoulders concluded Dick's sentence, and then he turned and began to speak to Dayre in a low voice.

"I don't want you to hear this," said Dick to the soldier first of all, "so keep at the other end of the carriage with your comrade. Understand? I know what I'm doing."

The cowed and humbled soldier did as he was told, and Dick spoke to Dayre rapidly.

"It's all right," he said. "I shall be getting out directly, and I'll get back to Berlin somehow with this passport of the giddy Kaiser's. Now you'll be all right. You'll get safely into Holland, and then you can get over to London and call on Mr Remington as I asked you, and give my messages about his daughter, and just say, will you, that Dick Carrick is looking after her? And never mind about the two thousand pounds. I've got off cheaper than that. But you might just let me have a little of that money, will you? I can't be without a red cent."

"In about five minutes we shall be at Gunzdorf, mein herr," said the soldier from the other end of the carriage. "I know, for I was a porter there once. Shall I stop the train there?"

Dick nodded, the communication cord was pulled, Dick got out on to the platform, shaking hands first of all heartily with Dayre, placing his fingers to his lips, and giving just one warning look in the direction of the two soldiers.

"Right away!" cried Dick to the engine-driver with a wave of his hand.

And on sped the train.

The Fortune of War.

Dick was free. He had escaped from Baumeister's trap. The soldiers would be loyal to him for the sake of their own skins, he knew that. The engine-driver, it was true, had seen him get out, but what did that matter?

And Dick as he walked away down the platform and out into the little town of Gunzdorf chuckled to himself, the chuckle growing more intense every second until he had to stop and lean up against a wall and laugh. He had fooled Baumeister once more.

But now he must get out his plan of campaign. He must get back to Berlin somehow, and he must, if possible, drop the American journalist. He must reappear in Berlin under another guise, and John Hooston must disappear. Oh, well, there was plenty of time to think of that. There could be no trains back to Berlin yet awhile, for it was just on midnight. He must first of all obtain accommodation for the night. At anyrate he was free, and once more Baumeister was spoofed.

"Any chance of getting a bed anywhere for the night?" said Dick, speaking in his bad American German to a policeman.

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the answer. "The town's full of soldiers, and there's a billet in every house, I believe, but you might try at the hotel over there."

Sounds of singing and shouting and general amusement came from the hotel which, late as it was, was evidently still open, for the window of the front room was thrown up, and there, seated round a table, was a carousing party of German officers, shouting and laughing and clinking glasses, some with their feet on the table, keeping their balance with difficulty.

"Can I have a bed here for the night?" asked Dick of the man who answered his knock.

"No, of course not!" was the angry answer. "We are here full of officers. Go and sleep in the street, you pig of a Britisher!"

He went to slam the door, but Dick was too quick for him; he got his foot inside, and received rather a nasty jar on the toe, which made him feel a little angry, and when Dick was angry he didn't stop to think much. With his shoulder he gave a push to the door—a strong shoulder was Dick's—which sent the man spinning, and then he opened a door exactly opposite, from underneath which was coming a flood of light, and the next second he found himself standing in the room where the officers' carousal was taking place.

Dick had thought that this room might perhaps be the office or manager's room, being so close to the outer door. He had not meant to plunge right into the midst of a den of German officers, but, still, there he was, and so he stood his ground, gave a little bow, and spoke, as all the men in uniform looked up in astonishment at seeing a civilian intruding on their secret privacy.

"And who the etcetera are you?" cried an elderly, red-faced, grizzled man from the top of the table. "What are you doing in here?"

"I must apologise, gentlemen, for this unwilling intrusion, but I am an American journalist, and I fancy I have sort of lost my way. Some insolent pup at the door told me there was room to me, so I took the liberty of coming right in. I saw through the window that there were German officers in here, and where there are German officers there is gentlemanly treatment I know, so I threw myself on your mercy, gentlemen. I'm just a poor, harmless American journalist, who wants a bite and a bed for the night. I'm on my way to try and get through to the front, to your lines. I just want to show the great American public what the great German army is really like."

A round of cheers followed this little speech, and Dick was pulled down into a chair, while half a dozen glasses were offered to him, and excellent cigars were almost flung at him.

There he sat for an hour or more, listening to the virulent, almost filthy abuse of England, and hearing what the Germans would do when they landed there. After standing as much of this as he could he rose and declared that he would like to go to bed. And up and away he would be the first thing in the morning, he said to himself, away back to Berlin, to Ellice.

But up in his bedroom a new difficulty confronted him. He had not with him the means of changing his appearance. He could not appear again in Berlin as John Hooston, that was certain: Baumeister's spies would, of course, at once report his reappearance. And so effective were Henri's paints that no amount of washing would bring them off. So there was Dick compelled still to remain John Hooston. What was to be done?

He was just taking a final puff at his cigar before he started to undress, and thinking over the problem, when there came a knock at the door.

"Pardon, mein Herr," said one of the officers after Dick had cried "Come in," "but wha' paper in America was it that you said you represented? We are so interested, and we should like to know the name of your paper so that we may get some copies later on."

"The Chicago Herald," answered Dick on the spur of the moment, and thinking contemptuously what a nasty sight a drunken officer was.

The German thanked him and then withdrew, and Dick had just got his collar off when he heard the tramping of feet outside in the passage, and this time there was no knock at the door, it was just burst open, and there stood more of the officers and with them a couple of men in civilian dress. One of the officers stepped forward and spoke quite politely to Dick. He was quite sober was this young man.

"Forgive me, sir, if I ask you a question, won't you?" he said; and his English was excellent. "But we have to be very careful at these times. You are the representative of the Chicago Herald, I believe, a distinguished American paper. I didn't quite catch your name just now."

"Hooston, John Hooston."

"Indeed! Then I am glad to have the privilege of bringing two brother journalists together. This is Mr —. Doubtless you know him and his friend, too."

"No, I haven't that pleasure," said Dick, wondering what was meant.

He looked at the two men in civilian clothes; they looked at him, and then one of them, the taller of the two men, turned to the English-speaking officer and shook his head.

"I don't know him," he said, and he spoke with a strong American accent. "There is no John Hooston here on the staff, and John Hooston has been appointed correspondent to our staff. I and my friend, the staff photographer here, are the only accredited representatives of the Chicago Herald now in this country."

"Good God," thought Dick to himself, his heart almost standing still for a moment, "these two men are real Chicago Herald journalists! I had no idea there was such a paper. Confound it, what am I to do now?"

"You hear what these two gentlemen say," said the officer, politely, smiling. "Would you explain to us, then, why you claim to be a Chicago Herald correspondent? It's evident that you have never met these gentlemen before, and that they have never met you."

"Spy! Spy! Spy!"

Dick heard the murmur run through the little group. The two Chicago journalists were looking interestedly at Dick. They were on their way to the front; they had come for some distance by motor car, and had halted at Gunzdorf, and now was it their luck that they had just happened right into the middle of a spy capture? Well, if so, that was a bit of good fortune! Certainly the fellow over there looked like an American, and if he was a spy—well, he was a right down good spy, that was all.

"I must apologise for deceiving you," said Dick, hoping to goodness that he spoke firmly. "It was done quite unwittingly, I assure you. You see, I am a journalist, and I purpose sending my correspondence to the Chicago Herald, but I didn't mean to imply that I was on the staff of the Chicago Herald. Oh, no! Only that that was where I expected my letters to appear."

"Too thin, my friend, I'm afraid," said the German.

He turned to his brother officers, who appeared to have sobered down.

"At dawn, I suppose?" he said.

They nodded in agreement.

"Yes, at dawn," he went on, turning to Dick, whom he saluted, as military men always do when they condemn a man to death. "It is the fortune of war, sir. You will be shot at daybreak to-morrow. If you have any messages to send to anyone we will see if they can be forwarded. The time is yours now until it is light."

Then he went to the door, shouted a loud command, and in tramped a file of soldiers.

"Wait—wait a moment," said Dick to the German officer. "I think I can satisfy you."

He put his hand in his pocket for the notebook in which was written the Emperor's own signature, but his heart seemed to turn to ice as he felt for it. It was gone!

He searched in every pocket, but no, it was gone! His last hope, his sheet anchor had vanished!

Is this the end? And Ellice—what of her? Be sure you read the long and thrilling instalment next week.

The Great War will, in the end, have many far-reaching results. Will it mean the restoration of Palestine to the Jews—the realisation of the long cherished dream of the sons of Abraham? If the Sick is to be bundled from Europe should he not be banished from the Holy Land also? The question is discussed in this Article.

THE WAR & THE FUTURE OF THE HOLY LAND.

The Wail of Lamentation, Jerusalem.

THE restoration of the Holy Land to the people of Israel is the dream of the devout Jew. Is the time at hand when that dream is about to be fulfilled?

The action of Turkey in plunging headlong into the war has, in the eyes of the Allies and of all neutral nations, sealed her doom in as far as Europe is concerned. The sick man of Europe is on his deathbed at last!

What will be the ultimate fate of the Holy Land? When the opportunity arises will the victorious nations see to it that this sacred country—sacred to Jews and Christians alike—will be wrested from the control of the Turks, and an independent State established there?

Wealthy Jews the world over have spent fortunes in seeking to colonise Palestine with Jewish people. To outsiders it appears a quixotic, fantastic scheme, but then we forget, if we so think, the love of the Jew for his race and country.

Do we recall some of the passages in the Old Book? "If I forget thee, oh, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." "If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

The heart cries of the Hebrew captive by the banks of the Euphrates are yet the heart cries of thousands of Jews scattered the world over, and account in a large degree for the vast pilgrimage made yearly by the sons of Abraham to the holy shrines of their ancestors.

For the Jews never forget that they are the chosen people. Although they live and move and have their being in every country under the sun they yet cling to their faith with superb attachment. In spite of centuries of scorn and persecution, the Jew has remained marvellously faithful to the creed of his fathers.

The Dream of Zion.

Since the dream of Zionism has taken possession of the Jewish people, many of their most famous philanthropists have spared neither money nor effort in promoting the movement. They were prepared to find the road to Palestine long and hard; but now it looks as if Providence had stepped in to prepare the way.

Turkey polyglot nation, top-heavy and unwieldy, and burdened under a steady growth of financial embarrassment, has heard the pronouncement of her own doom.

The Eastern question that has kept Europe in turmoil during the last century can be satisfactorily laid and Turkey will pay the price. The close of the present conflict must find the Moslem relegated to the obscure valleys of Asia Minor, whence he first emerged.

No more will Turkey avail as in the past, the screen behind which are played the greater forces of the West. The Pan-Slavic movements and the ambitions of Austria will be settled for all time, and the status of the smaller state of Eastern Europe fixed for generations to come, while the Turkish Empire, slowly withering away, losing branch after branch, as has already been lost Greece, Moldavia, Wallachia, Bosnia, Herzegovinia, Servia, Bulgaria, Egypt, the Russian Crimea, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and the Ægean Islets, may very easily find Ottoman Europe a memory, Constantinople's St Sophia restored to its rightful Christian builders, and the people of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia, freed of its blighting influence, advancing to their proper places in the parliament of man.

What the Jews Have Already Done in Palestine.

Should this prove the case, what more natural than the kingdoms of Israel and Judah re-established and combined, and emancipated from the shadow of Ottoman dominion should not once more take an honoured place in this sphere of things.

There are now settled in the 11,000 square miles of the Holy Land over 60,000 inhabitants of Jewish blood, a goodly proportion of the total permanent population. To them is due the great change that has taken place in the aspect of the country, and to them the sluggish native population looks for the carrying on of the agriculture of the province.

Under the yokes of their small black oxen grows the corn that pays the tithes and gives strength to the country, and the olives, the melons, and the oranges that grow luxuriantly in the tropical sun are gathered by Hebrews.

Theirs is the fostering care that is building up the growing vine industry, they are the support of the technical college of Jerusalem, and it is they who are gradually turning the waste places into flourishing fields. Theirs is the commerce which must be at the back of every nation, and without Jewish thrift and Jewish enterprise and Jewish capital Palestine would to-day be sunk in such a degree of poverty as to be unattractive even to the penny-greed of Turkey.

The New Colonists.

Into Jerusalem each year come many thousands of devout Russian and Armenian Israelites to visit the holy places of their faith, to weep and wail each Friday over the tumbled ruins of the ancient temple, and in sackcloth and ashes, at the Gate of the Prophets, to mourn the downfall of Jerusalem.

Of these could be formed the Colonists who would crowd out the fierce Arabs, the Greeks, and the Maronites who now hold the land, and these ancient hosts of Judaism who so sadly took the road of exile and buried themselves in dismal, frozen solitudes to muse on the hope of revenge and return, might see their children's children, sturdy and earnest, cultivating the land and worshipping in the temples where they themselves worked and worshipped thirty centuries ago.

Already sixty per cent. of the population of Jerusalem is of Jewish blood, but the complete colonisation of the Holy Land can never be fully secured until the Turkish rule is ended. The administration of the country by the present rulers leaves very much to be desired. Jerusalem itself, although the climate is good, is an unhealthy town, due to the lack of a proper system of sanitation and the imperfection of the water supply.

In the country districts conditions are much worse. A recent traveller describes Jericho as an unromantic village of ramshackle hotels and huts, filled with a base-born Arab stock, half-bred with negro slaves. Unromantic—a village with such a history!

The Establishment of a Jewish Republic.

It will not be questioned that the Holy Land under strong and virile administration—such as we have established over Egypt—could once more be transferred into a land

The mosque of Omar on the site of the Temple.

AT THE MERCY OF THE BOLD SEA RAIDERS.

Particularly interesting in View of Recent Events are

THE EXPLOITS OF PAUL JONES

and

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ARBROATH.

Read all about them in this Article.

THE bombardment of the East Coast towns by the German squadron naturally recalls the exploits of the famous Paul Jones, the American privateer, but a Scotsman by birth. One hundred and thirty-five years ago a naval action took place off Flamborough Head, when Paul Jones overpowered and captured two British ships.

That was the last naval fight in home waters until the outbreak of the present war. But the memorable raid of Wednesday finds an almost exact parallel in some of this daring American's feats.

Despite recent happenings off the East Coast of England, we can assert with every confidence that no German naval force will attempt such an adventure as this daring American naval officer, who at midnight on April 12, 1778, landed a party of men at Whitehaven (Cumberland), spiked the cannon in the forts, and attempted to set fire to the shipping in the harbour. Fortunately the fire was extinguished by the inhabitants in time to save numerous ships and the town itself. One of the privateer's crew was left behind, and Jones brought off three prisoners as a further reminder to the good people of Whitehaven that he had once again been in their midst, for he commenced his maritime career in the town. "I was pleased," he afterwards wrote, "that in this business we neither killed nor wounded."

The Pirates and the Silver Plate.

After his attack on Whitehaven, Paul Jones, in his ship the Ranger, sailed across the Solway Firth, and anchored at the mouth of the Dee, about five miles from the town of Kirkcudbright, near which he had been born. He then rowed over in a small boat to St Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. It was his intention to take the Earl prisoner and hold him as a hostage, but the Earl was not in residence at the mansion. Thereupon, as his men appeared to be extremely disappointed, he ordered two of his lieutenants to repair to the house and demand the silver plate.

The Countess of Selkirk, with considerable self-possession, received the "deputation," which at first she thought belonged to the press g

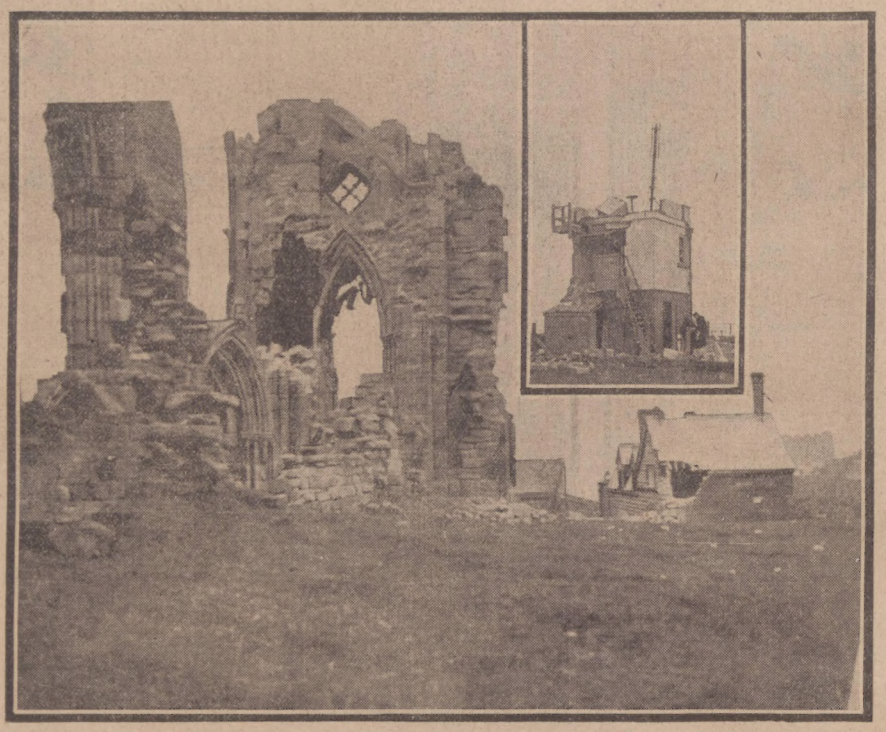
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1914.

GERMAN "KULTUR."

The house of Mr and Mrs Bennett, who were killed, along with a nephew and child, at Scarborough as the result of the German raid on the East Coast. The raid is another indication of the Huns' disregard of war treaties. It has been their policy of warfare since the outbreak of war to fire upon defenceless towns and kill civilians and recklessly destroy property. It is noteworthy that the people of the town were not panic-stricken as the result of the bombardment, but maintained a cheerful view.

DAMAGED BY THE "CATHEDRAL-WRECKERS."



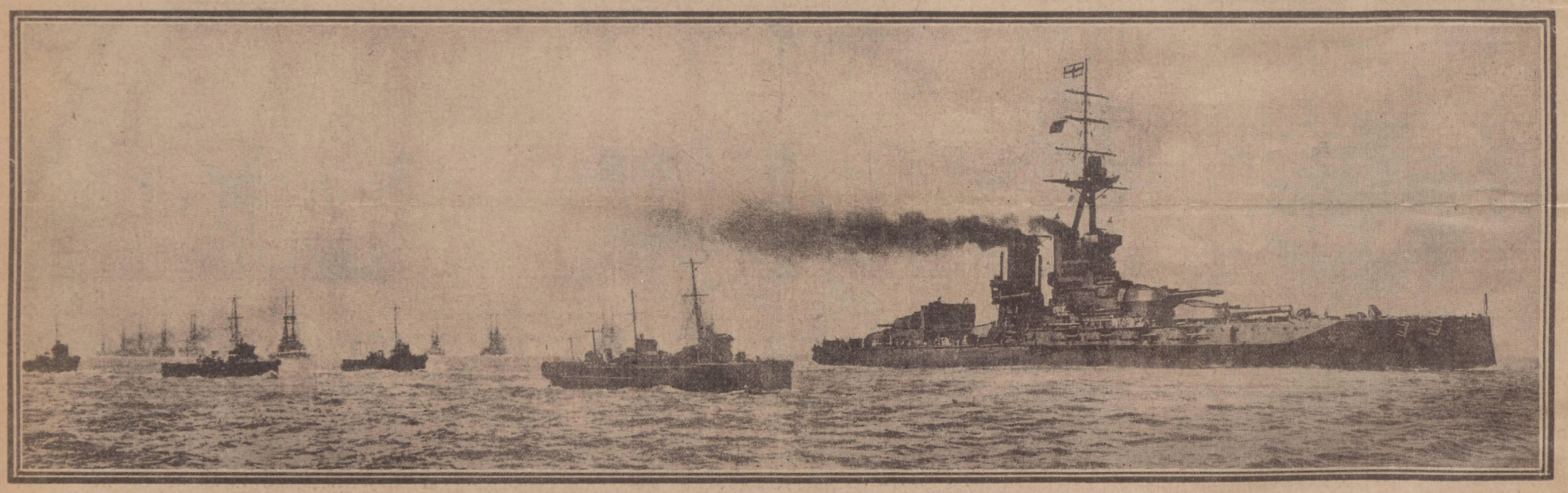
The historic Abbey of Whitby suffered severely during the bombardment by the Germans. The lodge also was struck. The famous abbey is in the diocese of the Archbishop of York. The inset is a picture of the Coastguard Station at Whitby, which was also damaged.

ON THE LOOKOUT.

French Scouts are taking observations of the enemy's movements. The photo was taken in a village in the north of France, just evacuated by the Germans. The Scouts always secure the most advantageous positions for their important work, and the picture shows them on the top of a wrecked house which suffered severely from shells.

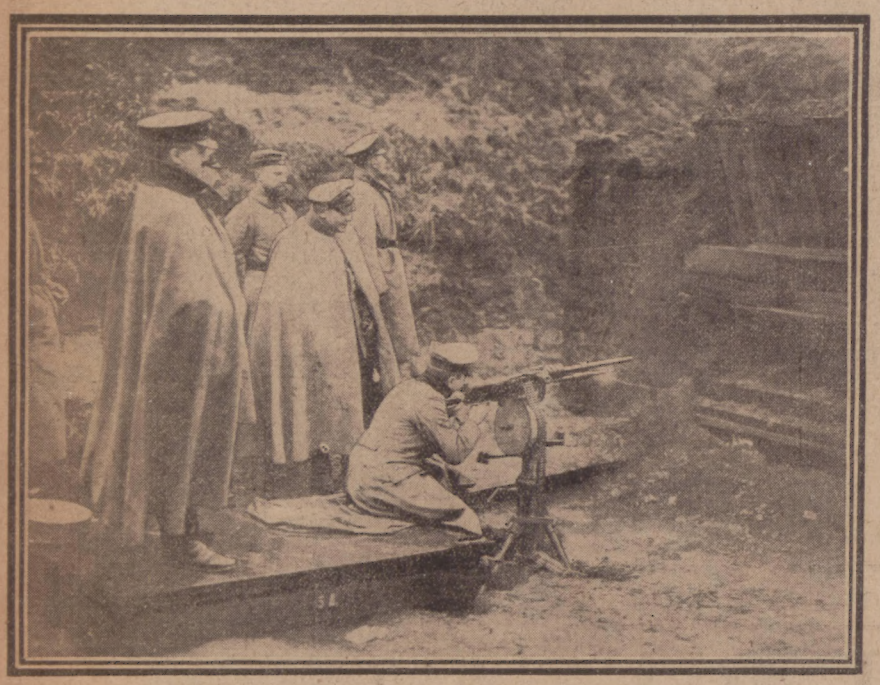
Although shells were flying all round the Scouts were able to send valuable information to General Headquarters.

H.M.S. "IRON DUKE" LEADING THE BATTLE SQUADRONS OUT TO SEA.



H.M.S. Iron Duke, Admiral Jellicoe's flagship, leading the battle squadrons out to sea. The fleet will amply revenge the German raid on the East Coast. The German ships when attacked by the Hartlepool fortress were not long in putting out to sea, and it is believed the fortress did damage to the enemy's ships. It is officially stated that the fastest ships of the German navy were engaged in the bombardment of the East Coast.

HIDDEN ENEMY.



German officers test a machine gun which is cleverly concealed at Dixmude, being mounted in such a fashion as to cause great havoc amongst an unsuspecting force approaching its retreat.

THE KHEDIVE.

It has been officially announced that, in view of the state of war with Turkey, Egypt has been placed under the protection of the King, and will henceforth constitute a British Protectorate. The Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, who is 40 years of age, has been a fugitive since the war began. He came to Britain, but was not received by the King, and subsequently went to Constantinople. It was known to the Government previous to the war that he had been intriguing with German agents.

"FOOD" FOR THE GUNS.

French ammunition column serving out shells for the famous 75 C.M. guns. These guns have greatly assisted the Allies in making progress. It has been stated that the Germans are running short of ammunition, but the Allies can rely on an inexhaustible supply.

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